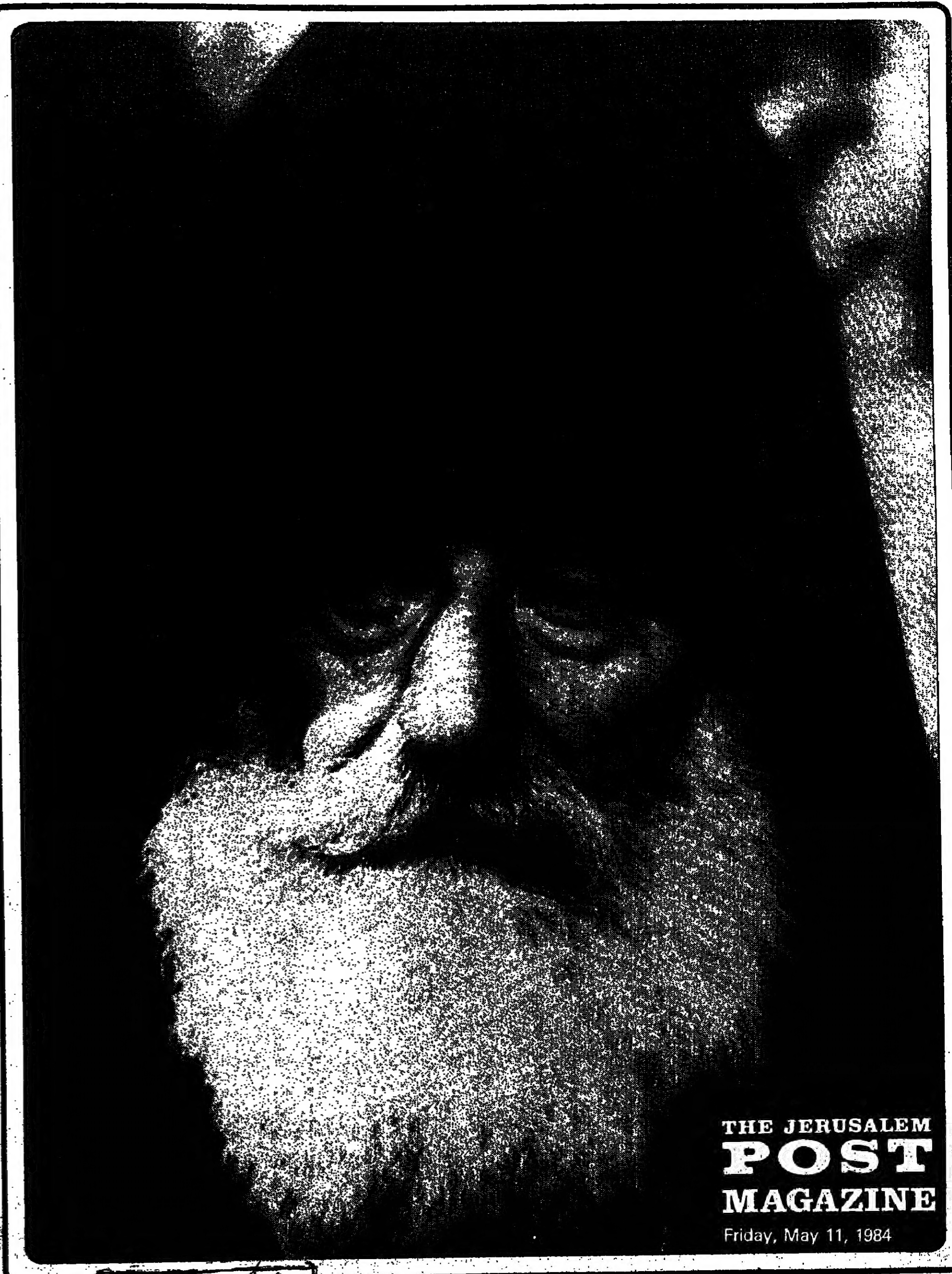


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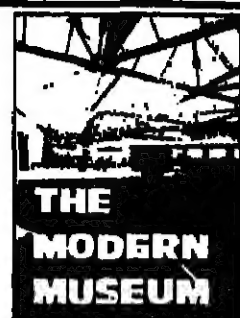


THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, May 11, 1984

הכזה מן האוכל

THE JERUSALEM POST LIBRARY



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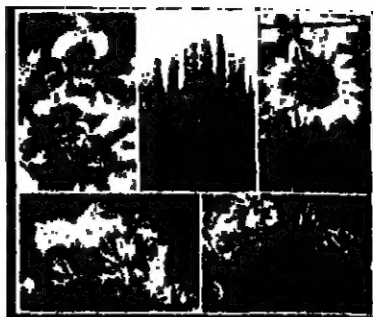
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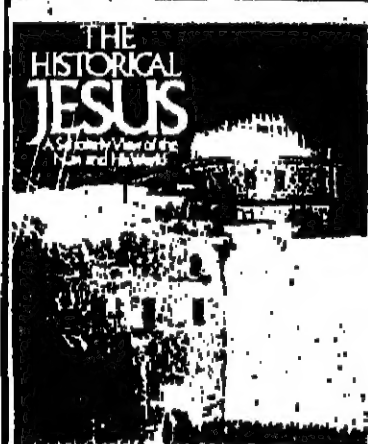
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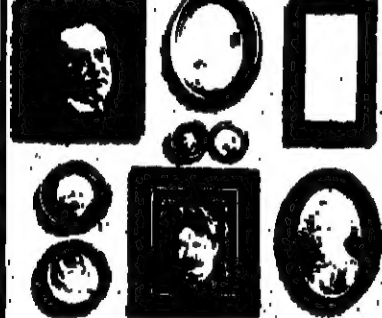
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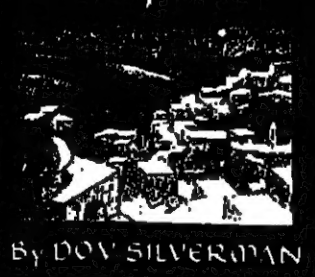
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In this Issue



On the cover: Armenian monk (Yosef Hadar). Story page 4.

Page	Page	Page
	The Book Pages11	TV and Radio SchedulesH
Halm Shapiro on Armenian arch-enmity4	Marketing with Martha15	ChessJ
		BridgeK
Greer Fay Cashman reports on the Jerusalem genealogy conference6	In the Poster Pullout: CinemaD	DanceL
	TelereviewE	Theatre/Rock, Etc.M
Robert Rosenberg in Germany8	Music and MusiciansF	The Art PageN
Sheldon Teitelbaum interviews Amos Kenan10	Matters of TasteG	With PrejudiceO

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Armenian shopkeeper in the walled-in Armenian compound, which is, in a legal sense, a monastery.

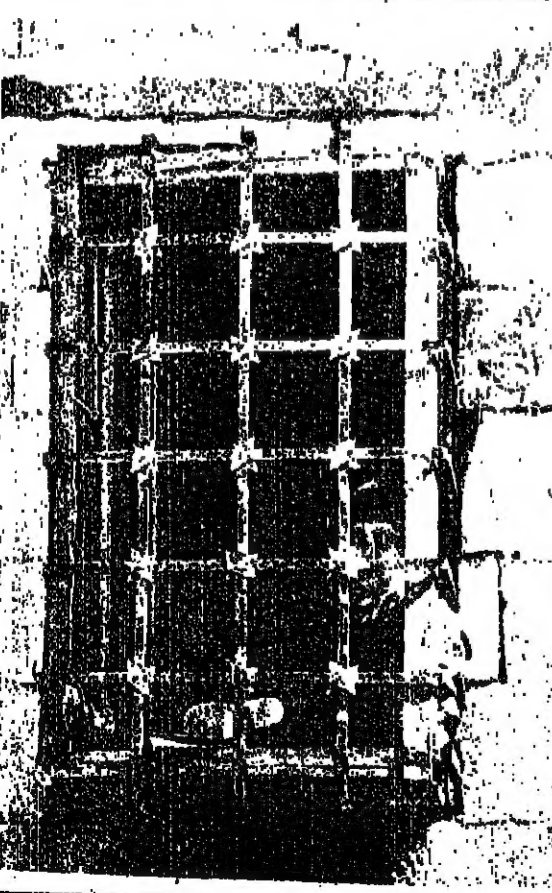
ARMENIAN TENSIONS

HAIM SHAPIRO examines the causes of the continuing violence in Jerusalem's Armenian Quarter. Photographs by Judah Passow.

(Below left). In the convent courtyard; elderly nun and priest; (right) headmaster Kapikian and one of his charges.



(Below). Thick walls and bars to keep the world out.



ARMENIANS are similar to Jews in many ways, not least in the tendency to have their own cause through internal conflicts.

Last week in Jerusalem, some members of the Armenian community still bore the cuts, bruises and other physical signs of their most recent conflict. Nor is there any indication that the fighting is about to stop.

On the surface, the story is a simple one: Archbishop Shaha Ajamian, once chancellor and right-hand man of the Patriarch Yeshighe Denderian, was deposed by the patriarch about two years ago. Some Israeli officials have claimed that the deposed chancellor was a special friend of the Jewish state and that his deposition represents a swing in the Church away from Israel.

Whether or not that is so, Ajamian certainly has many friends in Jerusalem, especially in the offices of Mayor Teddy Kollek and District Commissioner Rafi Levy. The former chancellor is reported to have been instrumental in arranging land sales to Israeli bodies both in East Jerusalem and in the West Bank.

It was possibly as a result of these links that the Interior Ministry refused over a year ago to extend the visa of the Church's new grand sacristan, Archbishop Kazanjian, who remains in Jerusalem to this day without a legal residence permit. The move was seen by many as an attempt to pressure the patriarch into reinstating Ajamian.

For several months it seemed as if the tension had died down. Then it came to the surface, and into the headlines, again. A young Armenian alleged that he was seized and taken to the patriarch who, he said, beat him with a club, a charge the patriarch flatly denies.

In an incident in the early hours of Easter Sunday, there were conflicting claims of beatings of young Armenians opposed to the patriarch and of seminary students who support him.

That same night, a fire-bomb was thrown into the archbishop's flat in the Armenian Quarter of the Old City. This, Ajamian avers, was the work of the patriarch. The patriarch, in turn, claims that the fire was the work of provocateurs, sent by the archbishop himself. The latter is also held responsible for the brutal beating of a member of the community during the following week.

Threats of violence fly back and forth and both sides are said to have hired Arab thugs to carry out their work.

Moreover, the patriarch claims that previous to this upsurge of violence, there were attacks on both his living quarters and those of the grand sacristan. He adds with some heat that the police seem to have taken a most casual view of the situation.

Such attacks and tensions are complicated by the fact that the Armenian Quarter, which houses some 600 souls, is, in a legal sense, a monastery, which opened its doors during World War I to many Armenian refugees from the Turkish massacre in 1915. The patriarch himself was an orphan who was raised in the monastery and later attended the seminary there.

Thus, though there may be Armenian lay people who are influential in an informal sense, they have no legal standing or authority in the community. The patriarch and the grand sacristan are both elected by the Brotherhood of St. James, the handsome cathedral that dominates the quarter. Most of the members of the Brotherhood are graduates of the seminary who have taken monastic vows.

TODAY, there are altogether some 2,000 to 3,000 Armenians in Israel and the West Bank, a remnant of the 10,000 who lived here before 1948. At that time, many took the opportunity to join relatives in Europe or North or South America. In addition to Jerusalem, there are Armenians living in Haifa, Jaffa, Ramallah and Bethlehem.

Though depleted, the Jerusalem community still has an importance far beyond its numbers. This is due in large part to the continuing influence of the seminary, which continues to send its graduates to serve communities throughout the world.

With many of the sites of ancient Armenia located in what is now part of Turkey and inaccessible to the Armenians, and the remainder of their homeland under Communist rule, which many of the faithful regard with repugnance, the small Armenian Quarter in Jerusalem has become a focus of religious and national pilgrimage.

In fact, though the present community dates largely from the influx during World War I, there has been an Armenian presence in Jerusalem since the 5th century C.E. Evidence of this is to be found in a mosaic now located in the floor of an Armenian gallery in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The quarter itself dates from the 15th century.

The community is divided into political clubs which have existed since the 1915 holocaust. One favours the Soviet Armenian state, while the other is heir to the short-lived Armenian republic, set up in the 1920s. Both have their club-houses in the Jerusalem compound, which has within its walls shops, coffee houses and playing fields, along with a maze of stairways and corridors leading to the homes of the residents.

It is probably the last large residential area in Jerusalem to be locked at night: the gates are barred at 10 p.m. In fact, perhaps part of the reason for the violence on Easter eve was the fact that the gates were specially opened for returning party-goers and a religious procession.

WHEN THIS reporter asked one church source about the sympathies of the community, he looked shocked. "It doesn't matter what the community thinks," he answered. "They have absolutely no say in the matter."

But the fact remains that last week a full page advertisement appeared in a Jerusalem Hebrew newspaper, attacking the patriarch, albeit indirectly. Two of the signatories were members of what is perhaps the most influential Armenian family in Jerusalem, a family which played a major role in local church disputes during the Jordanian period.

It was then, in the 1950s, that there was no patriarch for a period of eight years as a result of internal conflict and the interference of the Jordanians. They were supporters of Archbishop Denderian, and Jordanian troops entered the monastery to forcibly evict his chief rival to the patriarchate, who was deported. That incident has left the community with a deep fear of interference by any ruling power.

For that matter, the Patriarchate is virtually independent, owing only nominal obedience to the titular world head of the Armenian Orthodox Church, the Catholicos, whose seat is in Etchmiadzin in Soviet Armenia. This is due partly to the general situation of religious groups in the USSR, but also to the fact that the only real power of the Catholicos is to appoint archbishops.

Another important factor is that,

as with Jews, nationality plays at least as great a part in religious life as does religion. The Armenian holocaust remembrance day on April 24 is usually a time of popular excitement, and this year, with the increased attacks on Turkish diplomats by what appear to be Armenian fringe groups, there was more excitement than ever.

ACCORDING TO Archbishop Ajamian, the patriarch did not take part in the traditional march to the cemetery on Mt. Zion because of a threat to boycott it if he did. Patriarch Denderian says that he did, in fact, conduct the memorial service before the march and stayed away from the second event because this year it took on a more pronounced political tone than in the past.

But what seems to hurt the patriarch more than anything else is the constant characterization of himself as less than a friend of Israel. "If Shaha did anything, it was only as my arm," he says. "He did nothing by himself."

However, during the time Shaha Ajamian was chancellor he did establish impressive links not only with Israeli officialdom, but with leaders of the Armenian community in the U.S., whose support is crucial. It was during this time that the Armenians in Jerusalem had what some see as the flowering of their community.

It was then that they built a new seminary, set up an impressive museum, and rebuilt a church on Mt. Zion. It was also a time during which the mayor would bring important guests to visit the patriarch.

Now the links seem to have been



Patriarch Yeshighe Denderian (left) and Archbishop Shaha Ajamian, the central figures of the conflict.



severed, and the patriarch complains of a negative attitude on the part of the police commander of the Kishle, which is in charge of the Old City. Even the ear of the national police commander seems closed to them, not to speak of the interior (and religious affairs) minister.

Ajamian, for his part, continues to

occupy the apartment in the Patriarchate, although he does have another home elsewhere in the city. An attempt by the patriarch to evict him by legal process has so far proved ineffective.

But whatever the inter-communal tensions, knowledgeable Israeli observers are perturbed at what they

see as bungling attempts by officialdom to interfere. "They will eventually make peace with each other," said one, "but they will remember that we interfered."

AS FOR the tendency to brand various camps as pro- or anti-Israel, one informed source said that this

could only lead to disaster, and was inaccurate to boot. Virtually all the important personalities of all the local Churches go back and forth to Jordan, where they often have large communities.

Many of them, he continued, do a great many things which could be considered unfriendly, but they just as often act in a manner beneficial to the state. Indeed, he added, even when it is clear that a church official is acting in a definitely hostile manner, it is counter-productive to take action against him publicly.

Just as with diplomats, he said, the way to work is behind the scenes and discreetly. Indeed, he added, these people are in a more sensitive role than diplomats.

Whether we like it or not, we are a Jewish State dealing with Christian Churches. Anything we do that even appears to be hostile to a Church is immediately seized upon by circles that are only too happy to have such ammunition.

As to whether the Armenians are for or against Israel, one member of the community put it very succinctly.

"We have a saying: Whoever lies with my mother is my father. If Israel is the authority, we are loyal to Israel. If someone else rules, we will be loyal to them."

But what seems of greatest concern to Armenians on both sides of the dispute is the continuing violence and the apparent inability of the authorities to contain it.

The current "amusement" among the Armenians in Jerusalem is speculating who is on the hit list; who will be the next to come through the massive gate of the Armenian Quarter with a broken head.

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- Danish plus over 100 items on special offer with discounts of up to 40% D. plus only open in Ramat-Gan, JLM, and Haifa, on Sat. night.
- 2361 chest of four drawers in black 50cm wide was IS 33,071 Now IS 22,070
- Dining chair model Granada in black, palisander stain or teak stain, cane back & upholstered seat was IS 24,980 Now IS 16,900
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- Model 369 R lounge suite from Italy includes easy chair, 2 seat sofa, 3 seat sofa, corner table & coffee table. Black metal frame, upholstery in red or yellow stripes was IS 169,465 Now IS 119,500
- Garden furniture from Italy in strong polypropylene — Cellina chair was IS 17,710 Now IS 11,820
- Italian 650 dining chair in grey polyester lacquer upholstered seat was IS 28,086 now IS now IS 22,495
- 2166 Danish dining chair in black with upholstered seat was IS 12,768 now IS 9,900
- Falcon easy chairs from Norway in discontinued leathers. Selection of colours, high & low chairs with matching stools — example Falcon low chair was IS 90,440 now IS 69,900

warehouses listed below

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1984

• Brauer chair from Italy chrome frame with upholstered seat and back was IS 9,708 now IS 8,540

• T.V. revolving chair metal frame in attractive coloured canvas model X 155 choice of red, blue, brown was IS 38,340 now IS 30,700

• Single Capinera wardrobe from Italy in natural walnut or white. 100cm wide 187cm high 60cm deep was IS 59,795 now IS 55,900

• Louvre wardrobe white — price includes assembly in your home — 242cm height. 2 door 100cm wide was IS 81,102 now IS 73,020

• 3 door 147cm wide was IS 128,089 now IS 96,190

• 4 door 196cm wide was IS 188,942 now IS 133,720

• 5 door 245cm wide was IS 208,868 now IS 167,300

• Executive oak desks 180cm x 80cm with 1 x 3 drawer pedestal — superb quality — model classic price was IS 168,450 now IS 79,000

• As above but 165 x 80cm now IS 74,000

• Olivetti office chairs model no. 3, with upholstered seats and backs — 29 to clear — were IS 24,482 now IS 12,600

• Novo bedroom furniture in oak & white combination — Bed 140 x 190cm was IS 56,765 now IS 36,600

• Night table was IS 17,808 now IS 11,100

• Chest was IS 40,958 now IS 25,500

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• Model 530 dining chair from Italy in black with upholstered seat and back was IS 28,988 now IS 20,900

• Model 89 Palisander dining chair from Denmark upholstered seat & back was IS 34,733 now IS 24,900

• Top executive desk size 200 x 100 with 2 pedestals was IS 241,600 now IS 119,000

• L shaped executive oak desks with extension 110 x 65cm was IS 262,800 now IS 129,000

• Olivetti office desks — 7 in clear — model CR-TS/1200 w/c pedestals — size 120 x 75cm was IS 72,800 now IS 37,350

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הכרזת המלכות

הכרזת המלכות

IT'S NOT often that someone celebrates both his brit mila and his bar mitzva in the same week, but Californian Logan Lockabey, now 47, who discovered only three years ago that he is halachically Jewish, was making up for lost time.

Lockabey's was one of many stories aired recently at the International Seminar on Jewish Genealogy in Jerusalem.

Raised as an American Christian, Lockabey always had a strong affinity for Russians and Jews.

As a teenager, he was given permission by his parents to use their safety deposit box to store his coin collection. The box also contained various family documents, and leafing through them one day he came across a sheet of paper attesting that a baby girl named Anna Redek had been left with the Children's Home Society shortly after her birth on September 14, 1911. The baby was his mother.

In the mid 1950s, there was still a certain stigma attached to adoption, and because his mother was very sensitive on the subject, Lockabey did not pursue it, beyond receiving her confirmation that she was indeed adopted.

The matter surfaced again in 1969 when Lockabey married a convert to Mormonism. Since the Mormons have the most extensive genealogical archives in the world, Lockabey began to search them for information about his maternal ancestry. He advertised in different publications for two years for relatives of Anna Redek to come forward. No one did. Meanwhile Lockabey divorced, visited Russia, where he felt very much at home and, on his return to California, enrolled in a genealogy course. He took his mysterious sheet of paper to the first lesson and asked the teacher whether it contained any clues.

Here, he learned the fundamentals of genealogical research—that every name, every date and every change of status has significance, and that one tiny scrap of knowledge may be a vital key. The document indicated that the baby's parents had been divorced in Los Angeles.

Legislation had sealed adoption files, but divorce records were accessible. He didn't find any entry for Redek, but a little further down the list stopped at the name Renek. Frank Renek and Rosa Blockoff, Jewish immigrants from Russia, had been divorced on the grounds that Renek insisted that he was not the father of the baby girl to whom his wife had given birth on September 14, 1911.

THIS WAS too much of a coincidence for Lockabey, who was not about to be deterred by the careless stroke of a clerk's pen. Convinced that he had discovered his grandmother—"though I'm not sure about my grandfather"—he started on some further research, on the assumption that, since she was only 21 at the time of the divorce, she might well have remarried.

He finally learned that his assumption was correct, and that her second husband was a Jewish immigrant from Austria named Joseph Molter. He found the name in a telephone directory, and called one of the numbers at random. The result was electrifying at both ends of the line, for the name to whom he spoke was able to tell him that Rosa Molter, born Rosa Blockoff, had died three years earlier, and that only on her deathbed had she said anything about having been married once before. She had made no mention of the baby girl.

Within a few days, the large Mol-



Gary Mokotoff shows off his family tree.

Unearthing the past, root and branch

tar clan organized a party to meet their half-cousin. They came armed with anecdotes and photographs. If Lockabey had nursed any doubts about being on the wrong tack, they evaporated as soon as he saw a photograph of his grandmother in profile. The bone structure of her face was identical to his own.

None of the Molters knew where his grandmother had come from, but someone remembered that she had had a sister Sonia, who had married a Joseph Sadkin. The five Sadkin siblings were still alive, and one of them, Lena Sadkin Weinstein, had been Lockabey's constant source of encouragement and support.

Other names such as Heissman, Block and Bloch began making frequent appearances on the family tree—all linked by common geographic backgrounds either with Vitebsk or with Polotsk. Through one relative he discovered that his great grandfather had a brother called Meyer Blockoff, who dropped the last syllable of his name when he arrived in America. Another relative contributed the information that his great-grandfather had been married twice.

This poses more complications in tracing his roots, but the challenge excites him. He's also excited by his own new name Tsur Shadai, which is an amalgamation of the translation of Logan and his affirmation that the Lord is his rock. The Oxford dictionary defines Logan as a poised heavy

stone, rocking at a touch. So far, the financial cost of trying to solve his family jigsaw puzzle has cost Lockabey \$10,000.

WHAT MOTIVATES the strange passion for genealogy? Many participants in the Jerusalem seminar accredited the initial impulse to Alex Haley's *Roots*. In Jewish genealogical circles, the reason most commonly advanced is the Holocaust, but Sallyann Amdur Sack, clinical psychologist from Washington and co-director of the seminar observed that at meetings of Jewish genealogical societies across the U.S. it was rare to find anyone who had lost a direct relative in the Holocaust. People were, however, searching for survivors of whom they had no previous knowledge.

An interesting phenomenon that Sack has perceived is the desire to trace roots after a funeral, when there has been a family breach. "We are reaching for something we have lost," she said.

In the course of her own investigations, Sack found many living relatives as well, one of them a cousin, Dr. Mark W. Shulkin of Pennsylvania. A psychiatrist by profession, Shulkin contends that we all have a fantasy that we are orphans, and everyone is searching for their real parents.

"This is part of the hierarchy of human needs," he says. The fantasy

Greer Fay Cashman

starts in early childhood. Even today, when children ask where they come from, many parents evade the question by talking about the stork or the cabbage patch.

Among young people, according to Rabbi Mendel Weinbach of Jerusalem's Or Sameach Yeshiva, there is a symbiotic relationship between religion and genealogy. Secularists returning to "the roots of peoplehood" develop an interest in genealogy. They are curious about whether or not they have a Jewish name, and they want to know whom they were named for and where that person came from. "It's not just a desire for peoplehood, but for one's particular branch."

Not everyone interested in Jewish genealogy is necessarily Jewish. Jurgen Sielemann is a genealogist with the Hamburg State Archives, which has a close relationship with the Central Archives for the History of the Jewish People. The archives of the Hamburg Jewish community survived intact, thanks to the foresight of the late Dr. Max Plaut, who was a leader of the Jewish communities of Hamburg, Altona and Wandsbek. Rather than wait for the SS authorities to order him to surrender all the records to the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* in Berlin, as was the case with other Jewish communal archives in Germany, Plaut submitted them to the State Archives in 1939, and for reasons that Sielemann cannot explain, the State Archives successfully withheld the documents from the SS.

When, after the foundation of the state, the Central Archives for the History of the Jewish People requested the transfer of the records this was refused because, explained

erise that Friedlander began piecing together odd bits of information about people not related to him. So far, he has charted around 15 family trees, frequently putting living descendants in touch with each other.

He has also found literally thousands of people to whom he himself is related, hundreds of them still living. Friedlander missed out on most of the seminar sessions because he was so busy running around meeting Israeli branches of his family and looking up local records. He knew that his great-great-grandfather Avraham Abel ben Yitzhak Friedlander was buried on the Mount of Olives, and with the aid of a map supplied by the Hevra Kadisha, he located the grave. The burial society helped him to trace the graves of several other relatives who he suspected had migrated to this country and probably died here.

For Friedlander, one of the main reasons for coming to Israel at this time was to ascertain exactly what sources of information would be useful to him in the future. He discovered some treasures that even the Israeli experts, constantly working in the field, did not know existed. He had been told that everything relating to the Ottoman period in the Israel State Archives was in Turkish. There was no reason for him to believe otherwise, but something prompted him to look. Lo and behold! He unearthed a set of records in Hebrew.

From Israel, he was flying to Warsaw, where he has a contact with access to the Polish State archives. He is hoping that one day the Polish authorities will relent and permit him to do his own searching. Fortunately for Jewish genealogists of Polish background, the Mormons have microfilmed vast quantities of Polish records. "I wouldn't be anywhere near where I am if it weren't for the Mormon records," says Friedlander. "If only the Russians would let them film what they've got, it would be a bonanza."

DELEGATES at genealogical seminars wear different identity tags from those of delegates to other gatherings. In fact, they don't wear tags, but large cards which contain, in addition to their own names, the names of the families they are researching and the names of the towns from which those families originated. The information, though scanty, is often enough to bridge the historical and geographical distance between two strangers who have come from opposite sides of the world.

Not everyone interested in Jewish genealogy is necessarily Jewish. Jurgen Sielemann is a genealogist with the Hamburg State Archives, which has a close relationship with the Central Archives for the History of the Jewish People.

The archives of the Hamburg Jewish community survived intact, thanks to the foresight of the late Dr. Max Plaut, who was a leader of the Jewish communities of Hamburg, Altona and Wandsbek. Rather than wait for the SS authorities to order him to surrender all the records to the *Reichssicherheitshauptamt* in Berlin, as was the case with other Jewish communal archives in Germany, Plaut submitted them to the State Archives in 1939, and for reasons that Sielemann cannot explain, the State Archives successfully withheld the documents from the SS.

When, after the foundation of the state, the Central Archives for the History of the Jewish People requested the transfer of the records this was refused because, explained



(Above): Logan Lockabey at his bar mitzva (left); David Jacobs. (Below): Alex Friedlander on the Mount of Olives. (Don Landau)



(Below): Jurgen Sielemann (left); Prof. Richard Goodman. (Don Landau)



Sielemann, "the history of the Jewish people is an important part of the history of Hamburg."

However, the arguments from Jerusalem eventually proved to be too persuasive, and a compromise was reached. Half the stock was transferred from Hamburg to Jerusalem, with each archive consoling itself with microfilms of the records not in its possession.

The oldest Jewish records in Germany, according to Sielemann, are those found in the books of the *molham*, the ritual circumcisers. The Hebrew names of father and son and the date of circumcision are given, but there is no reference to the name of the mother.

For some odd reason, women are discounted on numerous Jewish family trees, despite the fact that they are the carriers not only of the next generation, but of the faith itself. Some charts also omit converts and the names of non-Jewish spouses and offspring. Friedlander terms such record-keeping "sloppy" because a family tree is, after all, a record of blood-lines and all their offshoots.

Material from sources other than the Jewish communities themselves refers extensively to women. Couples of all faiths have for over a century been required to register their marriages at the Hamburg *edde* office. Registers list the names of the couple, the profession,

tax group and address of the groom and the name of the father of the bride.

Sielemann cites the passenger lists from Hamburg Harbour as excellent sources of information. From 1850 to 1934, more than five million emigrants from all the countries of Northern and Eastern Europe—most of them bound for America—boarded ships docked at Hamburg. The passenger lists, available at the State Archives, contain the names, professions, ages and places of origin of passengers and accompanying relatives.

JUST AS ONE doesn't have to be Jewish to be interested in Jewish genealogy, one also doesn't have to be a genealogist. Dr. Ida Cohen Salavan, Judaica librarian at the Hebrew Union College and representative at the seminar of the American Jewish Archives of Cincinnati, is not a genealogist, but has taught herself to look for information in places which others might overlook. Many requests for genealogical information are addressed to the H.U.C. Library in Cincinnati, sending Salavan on treasure-hunts into community and family histories.

Salavan warns against putting too much hope into the contents of *Yizkor* (Memorial) books, so many of which have been compiled in the post-Holocaust period. Unless

someone's relatives were very important, they're not likely to appear in one of these comparatively recent publications, so the *Yizkor* books will not be of help to those whose families were part of the vast mass of European Jewish emigration between 1880 and 1914.

What may prove valuable as a source is *Megilat Hachayim* ("The Scroll of Slaughter"), a collection of oral testimonies compiled by a man called Rosenthal, before and after the Russian pogroms of 1919. The book was published in Jerusalem in 1927.

Though fluent in several languages, Salavan needs help in translating Russian documents. At Yad Vashem, she turned to a stranger to seek his assistance over some Russian data. They introduced themselves, and it transpired that the man's name was the same as that of her grandfather, who had been born in the Ukraine in south-west Russia. The family name was Spector. Salavan's new acquaintance told her that nearly all the Salavans from that part of the world are related, and he added something of which she had previously been unaware. The original family name was Mashgich, which is the Hebrew word for inspector or supervisor.

LANGUAGE is one of the major assets in Jewish genealogical research, not only because of the nomadic habits of the ancestors of the present generation, but because so many regions were passed around different rulers like a game of musical chairs, with each new occupant imposing his own language and culture.

In studying the genealogy of Galician Jewry, says Rabbi Meir Wunder of the Jewish National and Hebrew University Library, it is essential to have a good grasp of Yiddish, Hebrew, Polish, Russian and German. And to learn something of the pattern of life of Galician Jewry, it is vital to be able to read and comprehend rabbinic Responsa literature. In setting down the questions and answers, the rabbis always listed the name and domicile of the questioner. From the nature of the question, it is often possible to guess a person's profession or whether they come from an urban or agricultural area.

When he talks to Anglo-Jewish audiences about their family roots, David Jacobs, originally from Manchester, frequently starts out by producing a copy of the birth certificate of one of his distant relatives Gelka McJacobs, the second child of his great-great-uncle, who was born in the Welsh town of Aberillery, in 1871.

Recently asked to give a lecture to a WIZO group in London, Jacobs was bowled over when a woman in the audience announced that she, too, was born in Aberillery. The reason that he found her statement so astounding was that Aberillery has not had more than a handful of Jews since before World War I.

A member of a family that has been in Britain for four generations, Jacobs loves to tell the Welsh story. When the family came to Wales from Alexandrov near Lodz in Poland, their name was Monat. One of the brothers married a Welsh Jewess whose surname was Jacobs. It was a name more acceptable to the Bible-reading Welsh than Monat, so all the Monats adopted the name. When Gelka came into the world and her father went to register her, he had not yet got used to his acquired surname. He was about to say "Monat" when he realized his error, and clapped his hand over his mouth—but not before he had uttered the first letter. The clerk duly wrote

McJacobs, but when the birth certificate reached the central registry at Somerset House in London, some other clerk presumably decided that the more common "Mc" was intended.

Jacobs, who is now 33, has been studying and teaching Anglo-Jewish history since he was 21. A friend of his mother's told him how fortunate he was that all four of his grandparents were still alive, and suggested that he interview them all and fill the gaps in his knowledge of family history. At first his grandparents were less than enthusiastic, but then they warmed to the subject and gave him many threads with which to weave a rich family tapestry.

In 1882, his great-grandfather Isaac Asher Isaacs, transferred from the Orthodox to the Reform community to emphasize that he was a proper British gentleman. His grandmother, Stella Isaacs Jacobs, was a suffragette who sold the suffragette newspaper on the streets of Manchester and was once knocked off the pavement by a rival selling the *Manchester Evening News*. In the 1920s, his grandfather, Laurence Marks, became the first Jewish solicitor in Manchester.

When he himself moved to Harlow on the eastern outskirts of London, in 1972, he often travelled to the East End, where he saw how the synagogues were closing. The deserted buildings, some of them with holy objects still inside, were being vandalized.

Together with some friends, Jacobs began to collect the forgotten discards of Anglo-Jewish history—mantles of Tora scrolls, memorial books and other records, foundation stones, wall plaques—anything and everything that had been left behind. Last year, when he met his wife Hanna at an educational conference, he couldn't ask her to share his home, because whatever available space there was had become a repository for Jewish memorabilia. But then came the opening of Manor House Community Centre in North London, with part of the project turned into a Jewish museum. He was able to move everything he and his friends had collected and since the formal opening last December, the collection has grown still further.

FOR JACOBS, it has been reasonably easy to trace his lineage—and he hasn't been confused by all the different spellings of European Jewish surnames.

A partial solution to the spelling variables has been devised by computer programmer Gary Mokotoff of New Jersey, who in the past five years has improved the "Soundex" used in American archives. This is a coded system based not on alphabetical spelling, but on alphabetical sound. To start with, he crosses out all the vowels in a name, and then groups certain consonants together in sound codes, all of which are recorded on a computer print-out, which he carries around with him. Within seconds, he can produce all the known variables of any Jewish surname, as for instance Cohen, the alternatives for which include Kohn, Kohan, Kogan, Cohn, Cowen, Cowan, and Katz (the acronym for Cohen-Tzedek). Other names have far more complex options. In five years, Mokotoff has amassed 17,000 names.

Mokotoff's start in genealogy was stranger than most. He is a member of Mensa, and his name was seen listed by a member of the international high-I.Q. organization living in Bat Yam. The man thought the name so unusual that he looked it up in the Tel Aviv telephone directory to see if there were any others. When

he saw that there were, he jotted them all down, with addresses and phone numbers, and sent them to Mokotoff.

Since then, Gary Mokotoff has traced 11 generations of his family scattered all over the world and has found living relatives who he was certain had perished in the Holocaust. As far as he is aware, all the Mokotoffs or Mokotows in the world are related; he hasn't come across any who are not part of his family.

THERE ARE many signposts to follow in genealogy. One of them is genetics. Richard Goodman, professor of human genetics at Sheba Medical Centre doesn't know whether Jews have more genetic diseases than any other ethnic group, "but Jews have been studied more, so there's more information."

Prof. Goodman says that although there are problems in defining genetically who is a Jew, there are genetic diseases and disorders which tend to occur more frequently in Jews than in other ethnic groups. But, he notes, "any ethnic group in the world which has isolated itself politically, geographically and religiously from other groups, and has tended towards in-breeding, has genetic diseases."

There are fewer genetic diseases among Ashkenazi Jews than among Sephardi and Oriental Jews, but there are certain genetic markers which are common to all three groups. These include lactose intolerance, short thumbs, left-handedness and Down's syndrome.

Careful not to generalize about genetic disorders which might be defined as peculiar to Jews, Goodman acknowledges that the recurrence of genetic disorders among possible but not proven members of the one family may often be a guideline to a blood relationship.

Contrary to general opinion there's no such thing as a Jewish face. "It's fiction to say that you can tell who's Jewish just by looking at them," asserts Goodman, yet to the geneticist, he concedes, there are indications which link Jews from India to those of Poland. There are proteins, blood groups and enzymes which occur with greater frequency in Jewish communities than in others.

The Bible records diseases, says Goodman, but has very little on genetic diseases. By contrast, there is a great deal of information in the Babylonian Talmud, but few descriptions of diseases known today. Hemophilia is one of the exceptions. There is an account of two infants dying after circumcision, and from the description it can be virtually certain that the cause of death was hemophilia.

Who studies genealogy? Is there a profile of the typical genealogist? At this seminar there was a 50-year age span between the oldest and youngest participants. There were Jews fully committed to Judaism and non-affiliated Jews who belonged to no Jewish organization other than one of the 15 Jewish genealogical societies in the U.S. There was a large number of academics and professionals, many of them outstanding in their respective fields.

Which is what made their absorption in genealogy all the more curious. It's easy to understand why someone not very successful in life tries to bask in the reflected glory of a famous relative; but these were mostly successful people who were finding their way back to the shield.

Why the reverse *yichus* syndrome? "Because," says Rabbi Mendel Weinbach, "there's a part of each of us which remained in the shield."

GERMAN ANGLES

Elements of the West, the East and the Middle East meet in the streets and prisons of divided Germany, where the past imperfect everywhere impinges on the present. ROBERT ROSENBERG reports.



HELGA CAN REMEMBER the years after the war. She was 15 then, and had been in the Hitler Youth. The fondue flame flickers blue and her daughter fidgets. And Helga remembers.

"We lived in a cellar. Every morning we cleaned bricks. I remember the piles of bricks and how everybody worked, scraping the old mortar off the red bricks and piling them up neatly."

Tina seems to squirm. Suddenly, she breaks into her mother's monologue.

"Yes, yes, we've heard it many times. How you had nothing. How all you had were the clothes on your back."

Tina is 24. She visited Israel after high school, and says she was constantly on her best behavior. "Not so much to prove that Germans are different, but because I knew that it could be difficult for some people if they knew I was German."

As she listens to her mother, an elegant woman whose husband recently retired after 30 years as an executive for Siemens, Tina is nervous, perhaps even more nervous than I am.

When Helga says, "For us the Hitler Youth was fun and sports, we were too young to understand," Tina again breaks into the conversation.

"How couldn't you know? How couldn't you understand that something was wrong when people began disappearing?"

Helga remembers those years as "from '39 to '45." For her the era began with the war and the air raids. She was 10 years old in 1939.

She insists she was too young in 1945 to have known what happened. And Tina says that it was only after a visit to Dachau with her school class that she asked the question.

STEFAN plays rock and roll in a punk music band. He doesn't call himself punk, even though he dresses in black, with only silver studs in his boots, his pants and his shirt to provide a break from the black. His hair, too, is black.

He asked his parents about his grandparents when he was 14. All the pupils in his class asked at the same time. Their teacher told them to.

"I was lucky. My parents explained that my grandfather was a communist, in the resistance, who worked in the underground printing anti-Nazi leaflets.

"Some of my friends weren't so lucky. They found out that their grandparents did some very bad things."

Stefan, born a few weeks after John Kennedy became president, has lived all his life in Berlin.

"THE WALL," says the high-ranking executive for Europe's most anti-communist newspaper chain, the Axel Springer press, "is Germany's punishment for the war."

The executive dining room has a panoramic view of the city. Springer built his headquarters at the place where the American, British and Russian zones meet. From the top floor dining room, one looks down into both East and West Berlin. The contrast is striking.

In East Berlin, the roads appear empty and we stand looking down at the old Luftwaffe offices, designed by Albert Speer. It is the only building to have survived the Allied air raids. Many of the surrounding apartment buildings are still roofless from the air raids.

A glance to the left into West Berlin shows a bustling, hustling city of rushing cars and pedestrians. It's rightly called the most *avant garde* city in Europe.

THE GERMANS, it seems to me, won the war. There are few Jews left — an estimated 50,000 throughout West Germany — and the economy is now one of the world's strongest, despite the 10 per cent unemployment.

Claudia, the manager of a small pension in Munich, disagrees. "There are many, many Jews," she says. "It's very popular among young people to be Jewish."

"WE ARE THE JEWS of Germany today," says Stefan, talking about what he describes as the underground, the cultural scene in Berlin. He's referring to the young people in the most bizarre and yet somehow pleasing fashions; the music that has refrains like "West is Best"; the art that deliberately uses images of swastikas and dried blood, together

with bright and angry colours and mirrors that force the viewer to see himself in the sharp right angles of the Reich.

ON THE BERLIN Wall, in a West Berlin middle-class neighbourhood, a graffiti scrawl proclaims: "This is the Walling Wall of the 20th century." It is signed with a Magen David. A few blocks away are some neo-Nazi graffiti. In between are quotes from Bob Dylan and the Beatles, and declarations like "John Loves Mary."

And in Dachau, hundreds of kilometres away, I am told by the 71-year-old minister of the Protestant church on the camp grounds that all three chapels, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, were deliberately designed without right angles, because the architects agreed that right angles were one of the symbols of the Reich, one of the elements of the death machine.

IN A MUSIC SHOP in Berlin, I ask for a certain tape. They say that it isn't available yet. I explain that in Jerusalem, it isn't even available on record.

"Jerusalem, you say?" asks the clerk behind the counter. His hair is black, formed into spikes. Hanging from his right ear are earrings of various symbols — the skull and cross bones, a flower, a little cross and a feather. He is dressed in black and wears tiny, round-framed glasses. "You come from Jerusalem?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's highly illegal, but if you come back in an hour and a half, I'll have a tape of the record you want."

When I went back, he had made the tape, and charged me for the blank cassette only. Then he suggested the name of a good night-club where I could see how young Berliners spend their evenings.

THE JUNGLE was made famous by David Bowie. Stefan meets me there. As we stand in a corner, watching the crowd, he tells me who's who.

"You see that girl with the rat on her shoulder?" I quickly turn my head. It's actually a white mouse, dyed pink. But yes, it's alive, tail swaying and whiskers twitching.

"She's a model. That man's a film

director. This guy at the end of the counter is a painter. That fellow" — he points to a young man whose head is half shaven and whose skull has been tattooed with images of war machinery and flowers — "is a musician."

David Bowie didn't appear at the Jungle that night, but I wasn't disappointed.

C. WORKS FOR the German publishing house that has helped make Ephraim Kishon one of the most popular writers in Europe. She has met the Hungarian-born Israeli, now resident in Switzerland, several times.

"When I was a teenager, I loved his stories. Now they seem silly," she says. I asked why she thinks he's so popular.

"Because nothing ever works in his stories."

C. doesn't understand why I am so curious about when young Germans ask their family about the war years. Few people refer to it as the Holocaust; certainly not those people who lived through the time. For them it is the war.

I try to explain to her that even though I lost nobody, I feel I lost a lot. I try to explain that for me a visit to Germany, no matter what its attractions, is somehow difficult. I try to explain the feeling of being in the land where murder was made an art and a science, an industry as efficient as the transportation system. She says she understands. I'm not sure I should believe her.

IN ALL OF Berlin, which I am told by my guides is "the dirtiest city in Germany," I see only four unwashed cars.

IN A LIQUOR store I ask for something cheap. As the man behind the counter wraps up the pint of Scotch, I notice he has a number tattooed on his arm. I speak English to him. He doesn't understand it.

Suddenly, though, he asks if I know Yiddish. I answer "A bisel." He smiles, offers me a stick of gum, and shows me the fruit stacked neatly in crates in the window. All the fruit is from Israel.

I'm embarrassed and sorry that, as a child, I always considered Yiddish a ghetto language and never paid any

attention when my grandparents spoke it. I wanted to ask the storekeeper why he remained in Munich.

"THERE ARE MANY Jews," Claudia insists. "You can see their names in the phone book. They have names like yours. Maybe they keep it secret. I don't know. All the young people I meet like Jews. Some pretend they are Jewish."

She runs a pension where many of Europe's up-and-coming models, trying to make it to the cover of *Vogue* or *Gentleman's Quarterly*, stay while making the rounds in Munich.

None of those I meet during four days there says they have been to Dachau, except for one American, a young man from New Jersey. He says he felt ghosts all around and left quickly.

A TOUR LAID on by the German government takes me to meet the director of the police academy in Bonn.

Every police force in the world has its traditions. Cops on the corner and police balls; sports and drinking; complaints about laws that handcuff the police and not the criminals.

"How do you teach your traditions? What do you do when you reach 1933?"

"We explain what happened. We teach about democracy."

The students reach the academy at the age of 16. They are policemen at 18. By 20, they are on their own as cops.

In Wiesbaden, the director of the *Bundeskriminalle Politel*, West Germany's version of Israel's General Security Services or the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation, is giving a talk.

"We are as decentralized as we can be and as centralized as we must be," he says. A computer system enables every policeman in Germany to dig into the files from his office, his car or his walkie-talkie.

"WHEN YOU VISIT the police, ask them why they hate us so," says Stefan's girlfriend, Yvonne. "Ask them why they hate us so," answers the chief of police in Berlin.

IN TEGEL PRISON, an awesome

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULL OUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

JERUSALEM — Plus singers Miriam Meltzer and Abner Kam. Baroque, Renaissance and 20th century music. (Tzavia, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

PIANO RECITAL — With guest pianist Ann Chamberlain (U.S.A.). Works by Brahms, Debussy, Chopin, Wolf, Schoenberg. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor Yuri Akonovitch. Soloist Ilan Rogoff, piano. Works by Maurice Strakosky, Chopin, Dvorak. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday through Tuesday)

THE VIDOM TRIO — Dora Schwartzberg, violin; Mark Dubinsky, cello; Victor Derewinski, piano. Piano trios by Schumann. (YMCA, Sunday)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor Emil Eliaz (Romania); Soloist Theo Olof (Holland). Works by Haydn, Bach, Hartmann, Bartok. (Oscar Behar Center, Wednesday)

RUDIAKOV DUO — Shoshana Rudakov, piano; Michael Rudakov, cello. Works by Beethoven, Debussy, Mendelssohn, Chopin. (Israel Museum, Wednesday)

"ETNAITA" — Zeharia Plavni, piano. Works by Bach-Busoni, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA — **THE ISRAEL TRIO** — Alexander Volkov, piano; Menachem Breuer, violin; Marcel Bergman, cello. With Yeh Eban, clarinet. Works by Ravel, Stravinsky, Schubert. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

THE VIDOM TRIO — Works by Schubert, Haydn, Schumann. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 11 a.m. (Shirur Zion, Beit Arich, 25 Shul Hamelech, Wednesday)

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor Yehoshua Reizen. Soloist Avraham Rosenblatt, viola. Works by Zvi Avni, Ruth Handel, Telmann, Shostakovich. (Holon, Yael Lebnin, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conductor Emanuel Bernstein. Works by Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow at 9 p.m.). Works by Stravinsky. (Wednesday, Thursday)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor Samuel Lewis. Soloist Dora Schwartzberg, violin. "Ich bin ein Amerikaner." (Wingate Hotel, Auditorium, Tuesday)

PIANO RECITAL — Marco Lucato. Works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Liszt. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — (Nahariya, Carlton Hotel, Wednesday)

PIANO RECITAL — Marco Lucato. Works by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Scriabin, Liszt. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

OLD KING COLE — Theatre. (Khan, Monday at 4 p.m.; Osear Behar, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

SCENT OF COOKING — Puppet theatre for ages 5 and above. (Train Theatre, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

STORY HOUR — A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR — (In English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? — Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1984

MADRIGAL JERUSALEM — Madrigals; Israeli, Scandinavian, French and Scottish songs; Negro spirituals; musicals. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

PIANO RECITAL — Natasha Tadmor (Central Music Library, 26 Bialik, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — From the series "Tones." Directed by Boris Berman. Soloists Mira Zakai, alto; Boris Berman, piano; Michael Weintraub, flute; Emmanuel Gruber, cello. Rare romantic music by Wolf, Weber, Loewe. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday)

Haifa — **PIANO RECITAL** — Arif Vardi. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy, Ravel. (Kiryat Hachaim, Churchill Hall, Sunday at 8 p.m.)

HAIFA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Conductor Uri Schneider. Soloist Pina Saltzman, piano. Works by Zevindan, Grieg, Tchaikovsky. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday, Monday)

Others — **THE VIDOM TRIO** — Piano trios by Schumann. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, 57 Usishkin, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HERZLIYA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor Avner Hui. Soloist Oded Pinto, oboe, oboe d'amore. Works by Corelli, Albinoni, Telemann, Janacek. (Herzliya Museum, Yael Lebnin, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

NETZER SERENI WOMEN'S CHOIR — With Tuli Gelfer, harp. Works by Britten, Bach, Marianne, Israeli songs. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

PIANO RECITAL — Ann Chamberlain (U.S.A.). With Susan Barrett, oboe. Works by Brahms, Schenker, Debussy, Chopin, Wolf, Schumann. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuvai, Monday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE NETANYA ORCHESTRA — Conductor Samuel Lewis. Soloist Dora Schwartzberg, violin. "Ich bin ein Amerikaner." (Wingate Hotel, Auditorium, Tuesday)

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FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1984



"Quartet for Two." Mark Ariel and Ofra Yogeve in a scene from "Endgame," performed in Tel Aviv tonight.

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

JERUSALEM — **ICARUS** — Puppet theatre based on the story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, about a mythological dream. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JUBILER — Khan production. A macabre play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1983. (Khan, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

MIDNIGHT SUN — Train Theatre production. An Aztec legend of the vanished sun, with actors and puppets. (Khan, today at 2 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — British comedy produced by the Yuvai Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE SKAGULL — By Chekhov. Beersheva Municipal Theatre production. (Jerusalem Theatre, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

"SHEM" — The previous and struggles of 3 Jewish workers. (Pargod, 94 Bialik, tomorrow, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA — **AMATEUR THEATRE MARATHON** — With the Haifa English Theatre, the ZOA House Drama Circle, and others (in English). (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

LIES — Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

"NIGHT MOTHER" — Cameri production. A mother-daughter relationship. (Tzavia, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE — Michael Algo

portrays British characters in humorous situations (in English). (ZOA House, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE DOLL'S HOUSE — By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

"DUS REDL GOES ROUND AND ROUND" — By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

EXISTENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT — Satirical cabaret. Lyrics by Yonathan Geffen, music by Shlomo Gronich. (Tzavia, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOME-COMING — By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Tzavia, tomorrow, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Cameri, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE KETUBAH (MARRIAGE CONTRACT) — By Ephraim Kishon. By the ZOA House Drama Circle. (in English). (ZOA House, Sunday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE LAW WILL BE GIVEN AT SIX — Simple Theatre production. The play takes place in an old temple. (Beit Leivon, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LIES — Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

"NIGHT MOTHER" — Cameri production. A mother-daughter relationship. (Tzavia, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE — Michael Algo

portrays British characters in humorous situations (in English). (ZOA House, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE DOLL'S HOUSE — By Ibsen. Habimah production. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

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LIES — Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Shimon Apatony, Jerusalem YMCA, Tuesday 8.30 p.m.



excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilder (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 66 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

THE RUBBER MERCHANTS — Cameri production. A sad story of warped human relations. (Tzavia, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE — (Ramat Gan, Oles, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SANGER — Habimah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Tuesday also at 10.30 a.m.)

Haifa — **GHEITTO** — Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, today at 10.30 a.m., tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARGINAL CASE — Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Tawil. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE POISON MUSHROOM — By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Wall Sulth Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

Others — **SATAN IN MUSCOW** — By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheva Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Beersheva Municipal Theatre, tomorrow through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO — Selection of love

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With the Pannett Quintet. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laronne Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel Dancers. Pannett Quintet. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Enef Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With the Freddie Weisgal Trio. (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

(Continued on page C)

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ON/O
in Jerusalem Cinema

Fri., May 11
Double feature/ ticket:
Return of the Pink Panther 2.30
Lord of the Rings 4.15
Sat., May 12:
Return of the Pink Panther 7.30
Catch 22 at 9.30
Sun., May 13:
Catch 22 at 7
Women in Love 9.15
Mon., May 14:
Lord of the Rings 6.45
Women in Love 9.15
Tue., May 15:
Zorba the Greek 7
Les Miserables 9.15
Wed., May 16:
Les Miserables 6.45
Zorba the Greek 9.15
Thurs., May 17:
Over the Brooklyn Bridge 7, 9

EDEN
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

EDISON
FOOTLOOSE
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

HABIRA
HONORARY CONSUL
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Tue. 6, 8.30
FRANCES

KFIR
6th week
YENTL
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9.15
No complimentary tickets

MITCHELL
7th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 6.45, 9
Complimentary tickets not accepted

ORION
THE DAY AFTER
Sat. 9
Weekdays 4, 6.45, 9

ORNA
Tel. 224733
THE RIGHT STUFF
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 8
Sunday 15.25

RON
THE MISSIONARY
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

SEMADAR
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 7, 9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM
BINYEN HAUMA
2nd week
CANNERY ROW
Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY
THE GREAT SANTINI
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BEN-YEHUDA
Directed by Herbert Ross
With Kevin Bacon
Lord Singer ("Fame")
John Lithgow
("Terms of Endearment")
Diane West
Friday night 9.45, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

BETH HATEFULSOT
JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE
6th week
THE CHOSEN
Monday, Thursday 8.30 p.m.

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1
10th week
Tonight 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.45
Weekdays 4.55, 7.15, 9.45

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON

CHEN 2
10th week
Friday night 9.45, 12.15
Saturday 7.15, 9.45
Weekdays 4.55, 7.15, 9.45

NEVER CRY WOLF

CHEN 3
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Saturday 7.30, 9.45
Weekdays 4.40, 7.20, 9.45

CHEN 4
10th week
EXPERIENCE PREFERRED BUT NOT ESSENTIAL
Tonight 10.10, 12.05
Saturday 7.30, 9.45
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

CHEN 5
6th week
Tonight 9.50, 12.10
Saturday 7.15, 9.45
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9.45

TRADING PLACES

CINEMA ONE

SCARFACE
Friday 10
Sat. and weekdays 6, 9.30

CINEMA TWO

GODFATHER II
Fri. and Sat. 9.30
Weekdays 4, 9.30

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.
Israel premiere
Showing only at the Class:
LOVE STREAMS

Directed by John Cassavetes
("Gloria")
with Gene Rowlands
John Cassavetes
John Lithgow
("Terms of Endearment")
Diane West
Friday night 9.45, 12
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 4.40, 7.10, 9.35

DEKEL
5th week
UNFAITHFULLY YOURS
Weekdays 7.15, 9.30

DRIVE-IN
Fri. 10, weekdays 8, 9.45
BIG LAUGH
Sat. 12.15, weekdays, 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
J'AI EPOUSE UN OMBRE
Fri., 10, Sat., 8, 10
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

GAT
5th week
* RAM SHEPHERD
THE RIGHT STUFF
Sat. 8.45
Weekdays 5, 8.45

GORDON
MAL MORE
Italian film
Today 7, Sat. 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

HOD
Best Actor 1984
Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
Sat. 7.30
MONSIEUR KLEIN ET L'IDENTITE JUIVE

LEV I

Israel premiere
ZELIG
WOODY ALLEN
MIA FARROW
Tonight 9.30, 11.15
Saturday 7, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

LEV II

7th week
THE DRESSER
* ALBERT KINNEY
* TOM COURTNEY
Tonight 10, Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 1.30, 4.30, 7, 9.30

LIMOR
2nd week
PASSENGER IN THE RAIN
* MARLINE JAUBERT
* CHARLES BRONSON
Tonight 10, 12
Saturday, 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

Saturday, 11.30 a.m.
SUPERSONIC MAN

MAXIM
ESCAPE FROM THE BRONX
5, 7.30, 9.30

MOGRABI
4th week
* WILLIAM HUNT
* LEE MARVIN
* JOANNA PAKULA
GORKY PARK
Based on the novel by
Martin Cruz Smith
Fri., 10, Sat., 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

ONLY
6th week
VERTIGO
A tall story about a pushover
Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9.30

PARIS
5th week
FIRE AND ICE
Tonight 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 10, 12, 2, 4, 7.15, 9.30

PEER
5th week
BETRAYAL
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.40

SHAHAF
6th week
YENTL
Tonight 10.45, 12.15
Sat. 4, 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4.15, 7, 9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.
LIVE AND LET DIE

STUDIO
13th week
EDUCATING RITA
* MICHAEL CAINE
* JULIE WALTERS
Tonight at 10, Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TCHETET
4th week
* ROBERT DUVAL
(Academy award for best actor)
TENDER MERCIES
Saturday 7.30, 9.40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

TEL AVIV

7th week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
SEAN CONNERY
Is James Bond 007
Tonight 10, 12; Sat. 7, 9.30
Weekdays 4, 7, 9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

4th week
THE STATE OF THINGS
Sat. 7.15, 9.30
Weekdays 4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ZAFON
12th week
Film by Ingmar Bergman
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
Tonight at 10, Sat. 5.30, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 8.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
LE PAPILLON
* DUSTIN HOFFMAN
* STEVE McQUEEN
ARMON
SEDUCTION
* MORGAN FAIRCHILD
* MICHAEL SARAZIN
4, 6.45, 9

ATZMON
7th week
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
4, 6.30, 9

CHEN
6th week
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
4, 6.45, 9

MORIAH
20th week
EDUCATING RITA
6.45, 9

ORAH
2nd week
* WILLIAM HART
* LEE MARVIN
* JOANNA PAKULA
In a shattering suspense story
GORKY PARK
4, 6.30, 9

ONLY
No performances due to renovations

PEER
6th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
* SHIRLEY MACLAINE
* DEBRA WINGER
* JACK NICHOLSON
4, 6.30, 9

RON
FOOTLOOSE
4, 6.45, 9

SHAVIT
6th week
FANNY AND ALEXANDER
8.30

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
GO FOR IT
Friday 10 p.m.
Saturday and weekdays 8.45

Matinees at 5
CINDERELLA

L.I.V.Y
11th week
EDUCATING RITA
Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7.30, 9.40

OASIS
2nd week
STAR SHIP INVASION
5, 7.15, 9.45

ORDEA
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
Sean Connery Is James Bond, 007
Tonight 10 p.m., weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.45

RAMAT GAN

3rd and last week
After its great success at the Mograbi, Tel Aviv
UNDER FIRE
* GENE HACKMAN
Sat. and weekdays 7.15, 9.30

HERZLIYA Cinemas

DAVID
SUN STROKE
Sat. 7.30, 9.30
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

TIFERET
I LOVE YOU CARMEN
7.30, 9.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL
6th week
TERMS OF ENDEARMENT
Fri. 10
Weekdays 7.15, 9.40

SAVOY
PRIVATE SCHOOL
Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9.30

WIM VAN LEER

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Is the story of a varied life from a confrontation with the Depression years as a jazz musician to searching for Czarist gold in Outer Mongolia, from a rescue operation in Nazi Germany to a short-lived career as a garbage collector. The book includes recollections of his rather eccentric family plus vignettes of an off-beat, colourful life story.

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CITY..... CODE.....
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ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from page A)

JAZZ — Freddie Weisgal, piano: Eric Heller, bass: Saul Gindstone. Trumpet: (American Colony Hotel, Nablus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

PANTOMIME PROGRAMME — Shimon Apatony, (YMCA, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

SEASHORES — Songs of Nahum Hayman. (Gerard Behar Centre, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

TEL AVIV AREA

BEGGARS' JOY — Humour and satire with Shaike Ophir. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.55 p.m.; T.A., Nahmani, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BETWEEN BELLS — Musical about a school. (Beit Leissin, Upper Celler, tonight at midnight)

CRY THE FUNNY COUNTRY — Satire with Seft Rivlin and others. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN — Musical with risqué songs about a bride and groom. (Beit Leissin, Monday, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — By Motti Gluski. Entertainment programme with singing, dancing and acting. (Ramot Gan, Ordea, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GIDI GOV AND B'TROSH — (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m., midnight)

I'M NO FASCIST — A cabaret from the Thirties. (Beit Leissin, Upper Celler, tonight at midnight)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano: Albert Plament, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pilz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO — Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, Iti Dvir, Zlora But-Yehudi. (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MIKI GABRILOV — With back-up musicians. (Beit Leissin, Upper Celler, tonight at 10 p.m., Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

SATIRE PROGRAMME — With well-known entertainers. (Beit Leissin, Upper Celler, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR — With well-known musicians. (Beit Leissin, Sunday at 10 p.m.)

ZVA'OT HAMUDOT (LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS) — Musical satire based on popular American Fifties culture. (Nahmani, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m., Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

BEGGARS' JOY — (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nigler, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

FIND A GOOD WOMAN — (Shuvit, tonight at 10 p.m.)

GENTLEMEN THE HYSTERIA RETURNS — (Haifa Auditorium, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD — See Jerusalem. (Eilat, Moriah, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

JAZZ PLUS — Danny Komeday, trumpet; Michael Ramunsky, piano. (Ramot Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ushishkin, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

WALKING TOURS

Jerusalem

Jerusalem Through the Ages
Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. and Thursday at 2 p.m. — Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.

Sunday at 2 p.m. — The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. — The Canaanite and Israelite period in Jerusalem.

Monday and Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. — Sites of special Christian interest.

Wednesday at 9.30 a.m. — The Greek and Roman Period in Jerusalem.

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. — The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Moslem belief.

Sunday through Thursday at 1 p.m. — City of David, First Temple period.

Tours start from Citadel Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets may be purchased on the spot. All tours are guided in English.

Other towns.
Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safad, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel 667-30448.

(For last minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.)

Material for publication must be at The Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

FILMS IN BRIEF

BETRAYAL — A Sam Spiegel production of the 1954 film play. The story of a Russian conventional message-trail involving two main best friends and the wife of one of them, but presented in reverse chronological order. Starring Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley and Patricia Hodge.

BIG LAUGH — An Israeli collection of "canonized" skits, by Yehuda Barkan.

CANNERY ROW — A kind of mythical glorification of the simpler aspects of life by director Simon S. Ward. Beautiful camerawork by Sven Nykvist.

EDUCATING RITA — About a young woman student of literature, and her elderly professor who falls in love with her. Sharp dialogue adds to this successful adaptation of this London play. Excellent performances by Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

FANNY AND ALEXANDER — A story of a family in a Swedish provincial town at the turn of the century. Director Ingmar Bergman's disposition is more sunny here than in his previous films. Outstanding camerawork and acting in this depiction of life, which is very easy to watch. Much food for thought.

FIRE AND ICE — A not-quite-real-life animated film. Mundane good guys-bad guys plot, filled with battles, kidnappings, slaughters and destruction.

FRANCES — The real-life story of actress Frances Farmer set in Hollywood of the '30s. Farmer is depicted as an individualist who is crushed by an industry for conformists. Excellent acting by Jessica Lange in the title-role.

THE GODFATHER, PART II — Enthralling, if somewhat overlong sequel that is as good as its first part. Notable for the many fine individual performances. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola with Al Pacino, Robert de Niro, Robert Duvall, John Cazale and Lee Strasberg.

GORKY PARK — Based on the bestselling thriller novel by Martin Cruz Smith. About a police inspector in Moscow looking for the killer of three young children. Also about young people suffocating under the Soviet regime and longing for a taste of Western freedom. This film adaptation falls from the point of view of authenticity — a certain atmosphere is missing. With William Hurt, Lee Marvin and Joanna Pakula.

THE GREAT SANTINI — Robert Duvall depicting America's underworld. Al Pacino plays a ruthless killer, but on the whole the film offers too much violence and not much else.

THE STATE OF THINGS — An "almost documentary" film about the vulnerability of filmmaking, the story line in film, its unexpected turns and substitutes.

TENDER MERCIES — Australian director Bruce Beresford's film about a famous country and western singer. Good acting, especially by Robert Duvall in the lead. A pleasant surprise.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT — The relationship between a self-centred mother, and her daughter over a period of 15 years. James Brax's Hollywood production is an ideal combination of laughter and tears. Superb acting by Shirley MacLaine, Debra Winger and Jack Nicholson.

TRADING PLACES — The prince and the pauper theme is back again, this time in Philadelphia. When the guys are good, they are very good, but too many silly plots in between.

UNDER FIRE — 3 journalists in Nicaragua in 1979. Roger Spottiswoode's film offers a bit of everything — adventure, love, action... It's never boring.

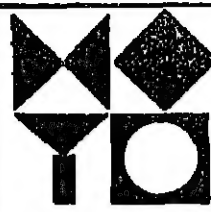
UNFAITHFULLY YOURS — About an orchestra conductor who suspects his wife of infidelity and invents various ways of avenging himself. This remake of this film is funny enough in its way, but only a pale copy of the original. Starring Dudley Moore.

VERTIGO — Re-release of Alfred Hitchcock's Fifties film. The hero, a detective suffering from a fear of heights (and this is excellently filmed in San Francisco), is asked by an old friend to keep an eye on his wife. His failure in the mission, and his resulting guilt complex, make for a perfect Hitchcock topic. A true classic, dealing with the basic truths of human nature. Starring James Stewart and Kim Novak.

YENTL — Barbara Streisand produces, directs and stars in this musical adaptation of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story, about a woman in the shtetl who dresses as a man in order to study at a yeshiva.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

This Week in Israel • The



at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Marc Chagall — book illustrations. (Courtesy of the Boxenbaum-Neta Foundation) From May 15.
Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel — First ever retrospective of Israeli sculpture, in conjunction with the Israel Festival 1984. From May 18.
A Window to Islam — Islamic culture, religion, science and court life.
The Gallery of the Roman Period — Renovation of the gallery and new finds.
Nahum Tzvi — wall statues and models for large sculptures.
Jonathan Borofsky — Face and Body — photographs.
12 pages from the Cairo Geniza — New in Antiquities — new finds from excavations.
Henriette — 45 Years of Design. Closing May 14.
David Schneider — posters and advertisements. Closing May 14.
Tom Seidmann Freud — illustrations of children's books. (Courtesy of Dubek Ltd.)
Soraps — creating home theater sets and greeting cards. (Courtesy of Marianna and Walter Griesmann).
Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology
Bat Ticho — Works by Anna Ticho. Hanukkah lamps collected by Dr. Ticho and library. (Dr. Ticho St., off Harav Kook St.). Open Sun., Thurs. 10.30—18.30; Friday 10.30—13.30.
At the Rockefeller Museum, opposite Damascus Gate:
Kadesh Barnea — a fortress from the Judean kingdom.
How to Study the Past
New in Antiquities — finds from Sidonian family tombs Akhzib, 10th—7th century BCE. Early Phoenician.
Special Exhibits:
A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery — a giant kylix of the late 6th century.
Floor Mosaic from a Byzantine Farm — 7th century. Found in Shalom, Western Galilee (Norman P. Schenker Antiquity Garden). From May 18.
Image of Power — a finely carved, rare Maya stone figure representing an enthroned ruler. (Courtesy of Robert and Helen Kuhn, Los Angeles).
1984 Museum Prize-winners — works by winners of annual Museum prizes for art.

EVENTS

CHILDREN'S FILM
 Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. May 13, 14, 16, 17 at 15.30
TOM SAWYER Dir.: Tom Taylor; with Warren Oates, Jodi Foster & Celeste Holm
LECTURES
 Sunday, May 13 at 15.00
KHORAIZIN with Zeev Yelvin (in English at the Rockefeller Museum)
 Monday, May 14 at 20.30
TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: ART AS AUTOBIOGRAPHY with Prof. Julia Frey, Colored University preparing the catalogue for the Toulouse-Lautrec Retrospective at the N.Y. Museum and publishing his new biography. (in English)
 Tuesday, May 15 at 20.30
Guided lectures in Archaeology Series
"SIDONIAN" GLASS with Yael Israeli
SENIOR CITIZENS' FILM
 Monday, May 14 at 11.00
IMPRESSIONISM TO CUBISM (Courtesy of David Sofer)
TOURS FOR CHILDREN
 Tuesday, May 15 at 16.30
CREATIVE DRAMA IN THE ART AND OCEANIC GALLERIES
 With Rina Padva
FILM
 Tuesday, May 15 at 18.00 and 20.30
FRANCES (USA 1983)
 Dir.: Graham Clifford; with Jessica Lang, Kim Stanley and Sam Shepard
CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR
 Wednesday, May 16 at 16.00
 For 7-9 year olds with children's participation (in English)
CONCERT
 Wednesday, May 16 at 20.30
RUDIAKOV DUO (piano and cello)
 Works by Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin
DANCE — "Oriental Dance, Egyptian Style"
 Saturday, May 19 at 21.00
POSTPONED
ISRAEL FESTIVAL EVENT
 Saturday, May 19 at 21.00
THE TIME OF SINGING IS COME
 Voice of the Turtle
GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
 Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 11.00 & 15.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 11.00
 Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00
 Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 15.00
 Rockefeller Museum (opposite Damascus Gate): Friday at 11.00
RUTH YOUTH WING
 Recycling project will be open Monday 14.30—17.00; Tuesday 16.00—20.00.
 The project encourages creative use of waste materials. For further information please call (02) 633278.
 The Museum keeps its doors open with the help of its friends:
 David Berg — May 13 to May 19, 1984
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Difficult loner

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

SITTING the other day with Ben-Zion Orgad in order to glean information for my column, I found him typically self-effacing, in fact, challenging me to justify my writing about him. It rather took me aback, I confess.

While he did not prove particularly helpful in filling the information gap, the friendly manner in which he conducted our conversation explained more to me than any technical analysis of scores, or discussion about how and why he writes music.

Orgad's tendency is always to go the hardest way, to search continuously for solutions of form, rhythm, melos, intent and content. A quotation from my files may perhaps throw light on his attitude and explain his approach to the tremendously complex problems Israeli composers face.

In 1966, at a League of Israeli Composers Symposium, Orgad strongly attacked the then chairman for maintaining that our composers were lagging behind the West in their development.

"We should not run after the avant-garde emanating from Darmstadt," contended Orgad. Our task, he said, was to develop Israeli music based on Jewish-Israeli and regional roots and a renewal of traditions, and to find ways to unite our communities through music.

His warning, and indication of a direction went mostly unheeded by the younger generation of composers, who try to copy, if not outpace, contemporary trends, influenced by senior teachers of composition at our academies and, perhaps, the desire to win prizes at international competitions which only consider *avant-garde* scores.

Only the future will show whether there will be a synthesis of schools and techniques, a reversal of this cosmopolitan attitude, or a new attempt to create music in Israel on the lines that Orgad proposed at the time and to which he himself unerringly adheres.

This undeterred and independent direction has turned him into a loner and makes it difficult for the non-professional public to accept and appreciate his compositions.

But Orgad does not live in an ivory tower; on the contrary, he has spent all his mature life in public service.

HE CAME to Israel from Germany at the age of seven in 1933, and studied violin and composition at the Rubin Academy in Jerusalem. He visited the U.S. for post-graduate studies several times, working with Aaron Copland and attending the Tanglewood Summer Courses. Later, he studied at Brandeis University, where he gained his Master's degree in 1962.

In 1956, he joined the Ministry of Education as supervisor of school music, and held the post until 1974.

He was promoted to chief supervisor of the following year.

Chairman of the Israel Composers' League for several years, Orgad has lectured and written wide-ranging articles on musical subjects.

He has won many prizes: the Komarovsky Competition organized by UNESCO in 1957; the Segal Prize in Leningrad in 1961; the Tel Aviv Municipality's Daniel Prize in 1960 and the Acum Prize no less than three times in 1957, 1960 and 1966.

In his capacity as chief supervisor of music education, he is very concerned with instruction methods and has done some important spade work to bring order and system into organizing music instruction.

His official activities occupy his whole day, only after 10 p.m. when he returns to his study or goes up onto the roof of his Tel Aviv flat, does his "real life" composing begin. He is a slow and conscientious worker and seems to brood over every note he writes, weighing up every possible solution before making a decision.

The catalogue of his works, some 60 items ranging from songs to complex scores for choir and orchestra, embraces all kinds of vocal and instrumental combinations. But they seem to have one, typically Orgad, trait in common: even if they are written for instruments only, the rhythm, intonation and structure of the music is based on Hebrew words, usually taken from the Psalms or other parts of the Bible and prayers.

When I heard his *Monologue* for viola solo, played by a German instrumentalist in a recent concert given at the Benedictine Monastery in Abu Gosh, I felt the impact of words ("a one-sided dialogue with God," as I wrote in my review) dictating the lines and the texture of the work. And in the old Crusader church, its supra-religious message came across to everyone present.

ORGAD HAS experimented with spatial exploitation of stages and halls, placing singers or certain instruments in different spots onstage or among the audience to achieve acoustic effects. While with other composers these extra-musical arrangements appear more often than not to be gimmicks designed to draw attention to the composer's "originality," Orgad can always be counted upon for absolute sincerity in his attempts to broaden technical horizons.

Seriousness is, perhaps, the hallmark of Orgad's attitude in general. I wish that, occasionally, in real life as well as in his compositions, he would smile happily or laugh outright. But gaiety is a quality entirely missing from Orgad's vocabulary. He has a tendency to mysticism, and I would not be surprised to find out that he was a student of Kabbalah.

Mystical speculation and intellectual approach may be the mainspring, but the Hebrew language is the base and the spine of Orgad's musical inspiration.

Although he does not belong to the small "select" group of Israeli composers who have achieved a certain kind of popularity or indulgent acceptance, Orgad has made an important contribution to the evolution of an indigenous Israeli music, a mosaic of many different stones. He is most valuable, perhaps, to students of composition who, studying his particular approach, may find their horizons broadened and begin to reflect on their own directions as Israeli composers.

No founder of a "school," Orgad is a guide to a way of thinking, to evaluating attitudes and intentions. It is in this role that he may rank among the country's foremost composers.

ONE OF THE MOST discouraging aspects of restaurant reviewing over the past few years has been the steady rise in prices, generally exceeding the rate of inflation.

Restaurants which were quite reasonable compared to their counterparts in Europe and the U.S. only a year or two ago are now far more expensive. This, together with the fact that we still accept standards of service that would not be tolerated elsewhere, bodes ill for the dining-out scene.

My one hope was that a period of economic difficulty would cause the worst of the offenders to close their doors and frighten the others into being more considerate of their customers. But the scheduling of early elections seems to have put money back into the pockets of the would-be leisure class, and we shall have to wait until after July 23 for any change.

Meanwhile, I thought I would wait out this period by visiting some of the places that seem to be aiming for the crowd with little to spend.

My first stop was Mac Jack, a fast-food outfit just off Jerusalem's Rehov Shimonzion Hamalka, with another outlet in Tel Aviv's Rehov Dizengoff.

Although it is similar in appearance to other fast-food outlets, with throw-away dishes and a counter where the food is delivered on trays, Mac Jack has the distinction of being strictly kosher. It is also cleaner than the run-of-the-mill hamburger joint, and seems to be able to operate without the pervasive odour of hot oil which one so often finds.

Especially disappointing was the schnitzel sandwich which was also far less grand than its picture implied, with what seemed to be another piece of the same lettuce leaf. Here, however, the meal was



Encounters with a grill

lettuce, far removed from the beautiful leaf pictured on the wall. The meat seemed unduly dry, as if this wasn't its first encounter with a grill.

Although the bun had a nice crust and some sesame seeds, it seemed to have been made with quite a bit of sugar in the dough. This technique, common to fast-food joints abroad, fools many adults and most children into thinking they are eating something with real taste.

The schnitzel sandwich was also far less grand than its picture implied, with what seemed to be another piece of the same lettuce leaf. Here, however, the meal was

I HAVE in the past given some recipes for fast food. I recall a recipe for hamburgers in which I urged my readers to form freshly chopped beef into patties and fry them in a hot pan. My directions for making chips were not a great deal more complicated and one reader, at least, commented afterwards that it all sounded to him like directions for boiling water.

This, of course, misses the point. Fast food is called just that because it is quick and relatively uncomplicated to make. And if you make it at home, there's even a chance that it will be relatively nourishing.

One such dish, which I don't think gets enough recognition, is what Americans know as a Western omelette, a simple combination of vegetables, perhaps meat, and eggs.

Simply fry a chopped onion or two and one or two chopped green peppers (adding, if you like, a little chopped hot pepper) in a small frying pan until the onion begins to brown. Throw in one or two beaten eggs and continue frying until the omelette is quite well done on the bottom. Flip it over and brown on the other side.

I am told that in California, where people are a little strange anyway, they add a chopped tomato. But even here the end result should be a solid pancake-like dish, rather than something resembling shakshouka.

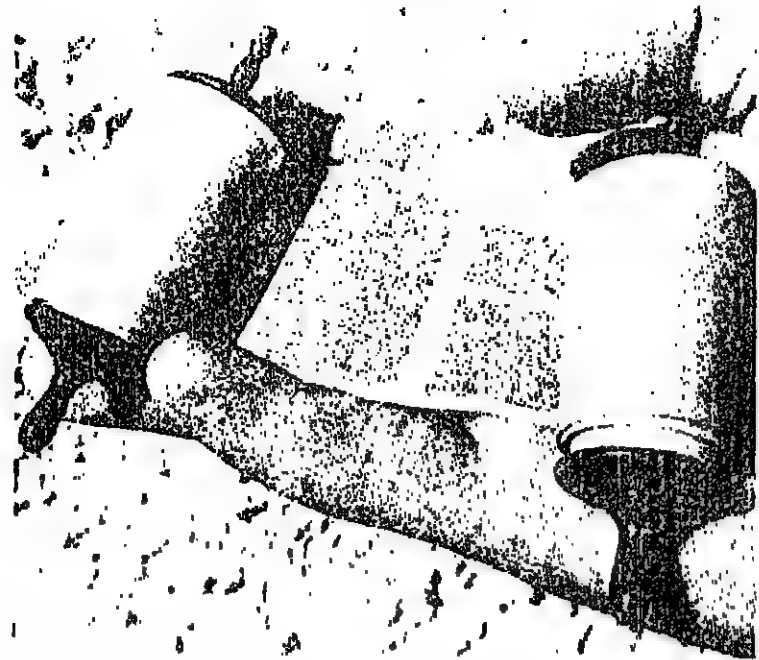
For what appear to be the few of us non-vegetarians left in the world, a few pieces of diced salami, to be fried with the onion, are a tasty addition.

If all this sounds too much like real cooking and too remote from fast food, simply serve your Western omelette on a bun with plenty of ketchup and mayonnaise. □

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Q: When Adam married Eve,
who catered?



Israel has never won an Olympic Games medal, leaving those honours to the Americans and Soviets. Last week, however, an Israeli did win a world championship, helping his country maintain its mastery in a 'sport' that favours mind over muscle: the World Jewish Bible Quiz.

The teenaged competitors displayed their scriptural savvy in the finals, televised throughout Israel, wowing viewers with their near-perfect knowledge of the Bible. An 18-year old Yeshiva student from Ashkelon was, in fact, perfect, as he rang up an impeccable 100 points to beat out a 14-year-old New Yorker.

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Romantic to rude



DESPITE THE overwhelming programme of guest events for the Israel Festival, Israeli companies and individual artists will not be neglected. Several have been selected to appear in the festival schedule, under the title *New Facets in Dance*.

During June, performances will include *Tremolo in an Inch and a Half*, devised and directed by Oshra Elkayam-Ronen, *Cockpit*, devised and directed by Eli and Alice Dor-Cohen, and a triple bill, in which the Tamar Dance Theatre, the Kibbutz Dance Company and the Rina Schenfeld Dance Workshop will take part. There will also be full-length programmes by companies directed by Amos Hetz and Netta Plotzky and a solo evening by Timi Kedar.

Tremolo in an Inch and a Half will have five performers: Adi Etzion, Ofra Ariav, Serge Albez, Vered Naharin and Gideon Shirin. From what I heard at a rehearsal, the music is a collage, ranging from the romantic to the rude (with original, un-rude, compositions by Arik Shapira). The "business" appears to involve satire, slapstick, burlesque, gut jokes, farce, clowning, striptease, parody, and fun and freak symbolism.

Props include a plumber's tools and a bicycle, together with a mass of unexpected and unlikely bits and pieces. The style follows Elkayam-Ronen's previous work, *Terminal*, which went to the Edinburgh Festival. The dates at Jerusalem's Gerard Behar Centre are June 4 at 9 p.m. and June 7 at 2 p.m.

In the same place but in the small hall, Amos Hetz will present a programme of his movement system, based on the Noa Eshkol methods of motion. The accompaniment will be metronomic, the continuity unbroken in flow and fluency.

Hetz has demonstrated this form of rhythmic "body awareness" in the United States and Britain, where it aroused great interest. Explanations will be given by Hetz himself before the performance on June 7 at 6 p.m.

The Dor-Cohens' *Cockpit* will really have live cocks — 20 of them — as part of the "action." The dancers will be Eli and Alice themselves and four others in a 90-minute show on the Western Plaza of David's Citadel (June 3 and 6 at 11 p.m. and June 4

DANCE Dora Sowden

and 7 at 9 p.m.)

Full length too will be the performances of Netta Plotzky and five others in the Gerard Behar Centre (small hall) on June 4 at 10.30 p.m., June 5 at 4.30 p.m. and June 6 at 11 p.m. The programme is made up of a multitude of media in which movement is the principal component. But there are unusual facets.

In the Behar Centre (main hall) the triple bill will be presented on June 5 at 9 p.m. and June 7 at 9.30 p.m.

The Tamar Dance Theatre will stage *Square of the Circle* by Amir Kolben, said to be about love on three levels — realism, fantasy and stream-of-consciousness. Six dancers, film and the music of Bela Bartok are components. Kolben has shown a lot of inventiveness in previous works.

THE KIBBUTZ Dance Company will offer a new work by Rami Be'er, a member of the company, whose previous works won praise from critics and public. This one (already performed at the Ein Gev Festival) was inspired by Natan Zach's poem *Death Comes to the Wooden Horse*, Michael. The soloist will be Boaz Cohen. The poem has also been set to music by Josef Tal and Zvi Avni, but the composer here is Jossi Mar-Haim.

The Rina Schenfeld Dance Workshop, 20 dancers and more, will perform a new work called *Chain* by Schenfeld to the music of Steve Reich. As in other works, Schenfeld's style is experimental, improvisational, geometric — and teasing.

Under the auspices of the Japanese ambassador, Timi Kedar will give a performance entitled *Traditional Classical Japan* in the small hall of the Gerard Behar Centre on June 9 at 8.30 p.m. This event will be a sort of counterbalance in perspective to the Buto (modern Japanese) dance which will be seen among the visiting company performances.

Kedar, one of only two western women graduates in Japanese traditional dance, will include a version (with a reader) of the ancient story

about an emperor and his songbird, *The Nightingale*.

In addition to all this, there will be a work using only lighting. Devised by Netta Gelfmann, *Paces of Light* is a 90-minute show with music by four Israeli composers: Arik Shapira, Noa Guy, Jossi Mar-Haim and Shosh Reismann in the Jerusalem Theatre small hall on June 6 at 11 p.m. and June 7 at 3.30 p.m. and 8.30 p.m.

THE BAT-SHEVA Dance Company went to town on May 2 to mark its 20th anniversary at the Ohel Shem Theatre in Tel Aviv. After the picture-taking and televising of VIPs in the foyer and the handing out of roses, there was a flow of wines upstairs, after which the several hundred guests filled the auditorium for speeches, films and a live performance.

The films were shaped into a collage of excerpts showing the company through the years, while the live performance featured excerpts from some of the company's successes, both recent and current.

The quotations from some of Martha Graham's works showed some of the best dancers of the company in its earlier years.

The last item was a section of John Cranko's *Song of the People*, which was skilfully blended into a section from the same work performed live on the stage.

Among the many distinguished guests, Robert Cohan, artistic adviser of the company, had come specially from abroad.

IGAL PERRY is here to create his fifth work for the Bat-Dor Company. This one, as yet unnamed, is set to the music of Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms* (words in Hebrew), with sets and costumes by Maake Cramm.

Besides three works for the Bat-Sheva Company and one for the Kibbutz Company, this Israeli choreographer has created about 30 works abroad.

Together with a business partner, he now runs a school, the Peridance Centre in Manhattan, which he says pays its own way.

There are five studios at 33 East 18th Street, and 35 teachers on the roster, including three Israelis and the noted choreographer-teacher Benjamin Harkavy. □

The Devil's pranks

THE DEVIL comes onstage with his back to the audience: a broad black leather suit, topped by a shaven head. But the predominant after-image of the play is that same devil looking straight into the crowd, one eye wide and the other squinting. He follows us everywhere.

Satan in Moscow, based on the Bulgakov novel, *Maestro and Margareta*, is the Beethsheba Municipal Theatre's latest production — one of the most complex and interesting around today, though occasionally tedious.

It is the story of a writer called only Maestro who has written a novel about what really happened at Christ's crucifixion — including an interview between Christ and Pilate, in which Pilate is impressed but afraid to acknowledge that there is a kingdom greater than Caesar's. The persecution of the figure of truth in the year 30 parallels the persecution of the writer in Moscow 1,900 years later.

We don't have the pleasure of meeting Stalin, but Woland, the professor of black magic (Mark Hassman), presides as the Devil, and he is surrounded by a merry entourage of evil: Koroviev (Natan Dattner), Azazel (Danny Segev), Abaddon (Shimon Sadan), slinky Behemoth the cat (Danny Roth), and Hella (Rozina Camibos), voluptuous as cheap perfume. Here, as ever, the forces of evil are so much more amusing and attractive than the forces of good, or the merely faint-hearted and confused.

In a mingling of fantasy and (relative) reality, we are made to see the impossibility of art and truth in the world. What remains is only to write history — if you can survive history. But of course the message comes in a masterpiece of fiction, now a play, which derives much of its impact from an intimate acquaintance with the Devil. And the discourse on the impossibility of art is embodied in a work of art: the writer — not Maestro the Christ-figure, but Bulgakov the talented — has the last word after all.

Some of that subtlety — or solipsism — of writing about writing is of course missing in the play. But it offers its own interesting treatment



THEATRE Marsha Pomerantz

of parallel worlds, visually stark but strong.

THE PLAY was adapted from Bulgakov's novel by Mhaela Tomiza Iordache and Catalina Buzoianu in Bucharest, and directed by Buzoianu, who first mounted it in her native city. Lidia Pinkus-Gani, an Israeli who came from Romania in 1960, did the sets and costumes.

The music is by Mircea Florian, who composed for the original production.

The basic set — and the predominant metaphor of the play — is a bare room in an insane asylum, where the writer Ivan Bezdomny (Yasha Ginsky) is taken after his shocking meeting with Woland, who accurately predicted the death of Berlioz, chairman of the writers' association. No one, of course, believes Bezdomny's story.

The room has sleek brown walls, automatic sliding doors at the back, and ladders — or bars — positioned intermittently along the side and

back walls. Half-way up each ladder some of the rungs are missing — and about 10 minutes into the action, we discover trap-doors in the walls behind them. Through them, strange creatures observe the action and make their entrances and exits. At each side of the stage, two such windows face out on the audience. Woland and others use them to keep their eye on the action — and on us.

Bezdomny, who has been commissioned to write an article disproving the existence of Christ, meets the Maestro in the asylum, and the story he tells is dramatized within the same sleek walls.

The parallels in the story are reinforced by having one actor play two or more roles. Thus, for instance, Haim Hova is both Maestro and Christ, Yossi Yablonska is Pilate and the head of the mental hospital. Woland's cronies double as hospital staff and hangers-on in the park where Berlioz and Bezdomny first encounter Woland, who knows not only their story, but also the Christ-like Maestro is trying to write. He was around at the time.

Margareta (Tina Tulin) is Maestro's true love — their bumbling under a sheet is one of the more forgettable scenes — and she plays the Devil's game in order to get back the manuscript that Maestro, in his despair, has burned.

She plays hostess for Woland, and the ragged denizens of hell who come to his party hang off the same bars we met in the mental institution. After the Devil's party is yet another: the managers of the Moscow Variety theatre have been institutionalized, and Woland and company take the place over for a magic show. The scene is full of amusing pranks, including actors planted in the audience. But by then I had had my fill of circuses and wanted to go home.

All this is just the tip of the iceberg, or a lick of the flames. Hell is worse seeing for yourself.

Translation by Yotam Hareuveni, lighting by Natan Panturin, Ilan Carmi, Motti Kutz, Nahum Shalit, Anat Mendelsohn, Anat Ben-Yaacov, Liat Goren, in multiple roles, complete the cast. □

Blond, blue-eyed nausea

HE'S NOT a rock performer, by any stretch of the imagination. But he's blond, blue-eyed and dreamy looking, and he's an international superstar. Richard Clayderman is as far from your average rock person as from a classical concert pianist. But when he touches the piano it means magic to millions throughout the world, despite the nausea they say he provokes in both the rock and classical music camps.

His last double album *Comp de Coeur* (CBS), overflows with his sweet renditions of romantic pop hits and popular classic pieces, including "Ballade Pour Adeline," "Pour Elise," and "Lara's Theme," from Dr. Zhivago. My favourite is a Beethoven-Mozart-Paul de Senneville-Slade medley on side 4, even though that too is too sweet towards the end.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL'S album *Dangerous Acquaintances* was released in 1981, two years after the critically acclaimed *Broken English*, and continued and expanded her search for identity in her new incarnation. (For those who don't

ROCK, ETC.

Michal Yudelman

recall the name, Faithfull became known in the Sixties as Mick Jagger's girl friend, and for her peaches-and-cream complexion and sweet voice in a couple of insignificant songs. In the late Seventies, she re-emerged, after years of drug treatment, with a bitter personal statement rasped in a voice dramatically harsh from, presumably, alcohol and cigarettes.

Now, as part of the General Music Company's programme for issuing classical rock albums, *Dangerous Acquaintances* has been released locally. It's about time! She explores the harder paths of rock in this album, and I think she's found her right track at last. She has left behind the despairing self-pity of *Broken English*, and continued and expanded her search for identity in her new incarnation. (For those who don't

formers. Her later album, *A Child's Adventure* (released here last year) is not bad but a regression after *Dangerous Acquaintances*.

OTHER classic rock albums released by the General Music Company include Bob Marley and the Wailers' *Natty Dread* (1974), with the unforgettable "No Woman No Cry," and *Rastaman Vibration* (1976), a must for Marley lovers.

I HAVEN'T seen the movie but *Footloose* (CBS), its soundtrack, seems a pleasant collection of mostly unmemorable songs. This also goes for Kenny Loggins' two numbers: "Footloose" and "I'm Free," and for "Dancing in the Sheets" and "Let's Hear it for the Boy," which are frequently played on the radio here. The two songs worth something rockwise are Bonnie Tyler's sweeping "Holding Out for a Hero" (written by Jim Steinman — who else? — and Dean Pitchford, who co-wrote every song in the album), and "Almost Paradise," sung by Anne Wilson, from Heart, and Mike Reno, from Loverboy. □

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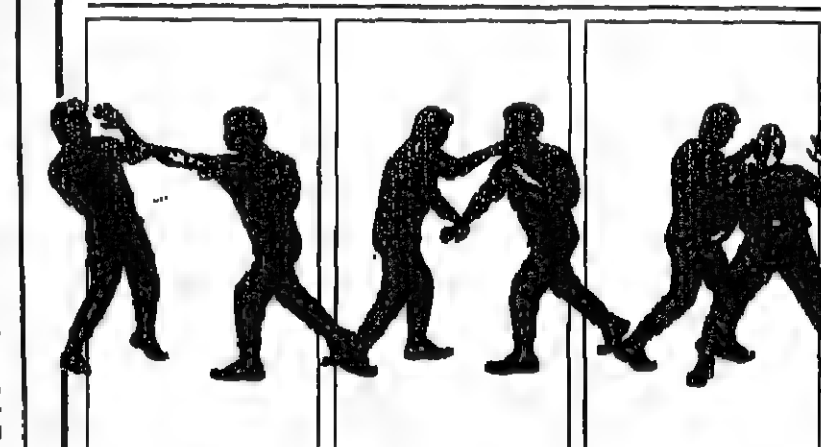
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Tevet opens new series

Gil Goldfine

IT SEEMS that Nahum Tevet has left his minimalist drawings, paintings and slightly incised black reliefs behind him for good. However, he still prefers to use geometric abstract elements (circles, squares, lines and arcs) as the interpretive shapes for recent painted wall sculptures.

Drawing on Cézanne, Braque, Delaunay's Orphism and the early Russian constructivists, Tevet has assembled a series of splendid works, intricate dimensional objects full of vitality and sculptural energy. Open forms juxtaposed and attached to solid volumes are highlighted by longer linear tinges striking out into the gallery space like giant tentacles or antennae. There doesn't seem to be an axial design or core solution to Tevet's works. Rather, his compositions seem to reproduce and flourish as organic units growing in all directions simultaneously without losing the harmonious balance maintained between structural forms, negative spaces and projected shadows. Added colour, recalling Cohen-Gan's work from last year, works well in relation to Tevet's flat planes. The colours, expressively brushed, add dimension and objectivity to the abstraction, and demand that the viewer observe an implied reality within the non-objective design. This concept is supported by Tevet's inclusion in the compositions of real chairs, tables and bunnisters.

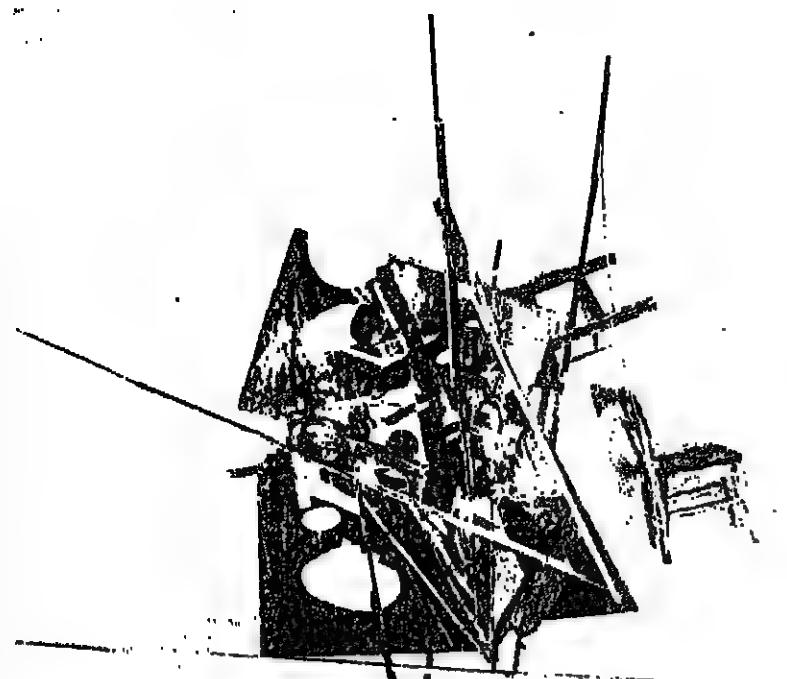
The Tevet exhibit is the first in a series at the Israel Museum devoted to young Israeli sculptors, and is parallel to "Eighty Years of Israeli Sculpture," an exhibit opening at the Israel Museum on May 18 as part of the Israel Festival. (Israel Museum.)

A SPECIAL multi-media environmental exhibit by the American artist Jonathan Borofsky attempts to create an impressive artistic statement with a psychological impact, through its employment of drawing, painting, video tape, sculpture, working studio sketches and audio effects in a single space. The media are varied, and Borofsky in addition "attacks" the entire room, placing or staging images on walls, floor and ceiling.

To understand the complexity of Borofsky's art, the viewer must read the notes and visual scribbling on a side wall, or the written statements accompanying several murals. They set the tone: for Borofsky (representing us all) stresses the element of fear, and its socio-political extension: barriers or walls. Borofsky takes the spectator on a ride through his dreams and visions, and sets the stage for their translation into art forms.

A quartet of steel-grey, humanoid, look-alike robots spouting unclear messages, are engulfed by gorgon figures with human or rodent forms. These images are interesting - (many of them belong to Borofsky's previous iconography) - and the hallucinatory images do have their appeal. However, their impact is not strong. There is more emphasis on Borofsky's technique and design pattern (overkill), and his conceptual reasoning than on the controlled "shock" of the event. The installation, as a whole, is unimpressive.

The space, the surfaces or the museum environment itself may have affected Borofsky's plan.



Nahum Tevet: wall sculpture (Israel Museum).



Naftali Bezem: Painting (Kishon Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Whatever the reason, Borofsky has not justified his international credentials with this installation. (Israel Museum)

ALSO AT the Israel Museum, a small descriptive show honours several artists awarded prizes last month.

Israel's most prestigious award, The Sandberg Prize for an Israeli Artist, was presented to conceptualist Zvi Goldstein, whose environmental constructions are based on the interaction of industrial, political and social themes.

Jan Reichwarger, recipient of the Israel Discount Bank Prize, is represented by several watercolours whose subjects are secondary to the technique used to illustrate them. Ephemeral and flat, Reichwarger's subjects are things "passed by," cloudy and undefined impressions.

The Beatrice S. Kollner Award for a Young Israeli Artist was shared by Dudu Mezach and Doron Yahalom, the former showing exciting large-scale expressive paintings on paper. He employs limited day-glo colour, black and grey, to describe night battles. Similar subjects by Yahalom are more cerebral, cut and sculpted from tin sheeting, steel frames and linear contours.

Tel Aviv galleries ASSEMBLAGES by Dorcin have always a pretentious, misdirected, grand gesture, in their employment of rusty iron, and of found objects.

Dorcin's sculptural wall hangings are appreciably better than most of what he has done in the past. Using the same material and technique (steel and iron, welding, assembling) but, with the addition of canvas and the use of work tools, Dorcin has created several excellent pieces.

The title, *Windows*, is a misnomer, for the solid, impenetrable steel frames and coverings softened occasionally by the rustling of ripped canvas sandwiched between two surfaces. There is not enough reality in the inherent sculptural image to tie the title and object together, and so one examines more carefully the harmony of materials, proportions, patina and balance of plane to edge and solid to void. Dorcin succeeds in divorcing the heaviness of steel from its real weight, for many pieces seem aloof, light, and unattached and mottled surfaces approach the painted texture. If the task of an artist is to observe, and to isolate the singular, or redirect the aesthetic view so that it crosses one's visual path, then Dorcin has advanced his art. He has recycled the mundane, and made something more meaningful out of it. (Kibbutz Art Gallery, 25 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv, Till May 30.)

Naftali Bezem's recent paintings are best described as psychological still lifes. The fruit, pot plants and tabletops, generally composed to provide the foreground for deep space landscapes, seem to function as life forces. They seem to be more than mere food for colourful decoration. Using pastel tones amidst

starker hues and larger skies of pale greys, Bezem adds a veil of mystery to his compositions, especially when one notes the use of anatomical (bodily) forms, as hills and valleys. This visual puzzle pits one kind of life force against another: fruit of the earth versus architectural structure; unattended table waiting for people; windblown drapes with no breeze; plants set in place forever, petrified, still in time.

(Sara Kishon Gallery, 31 Frug, Tel Aviv.)

PAINTING the meaning of the Holocaust is almost impossible, for its immensity is beyond comprehension. Ardyn Halter, a young painter from England, has created his personal impressions of the subject, and called it "The Family I Never Knew." These large canvases represent the portraits, or imagined portraits, of relatives (or strangers) who perished in the working out of the Final Solution.

Intermingling patterned typographical statements with details and grouped figures, Halter has made a valid painterly proposal. The difficulty lies in the degree of his talent. A novice painter with limited ability, Halter must be given credit for his ideas and concepts; evidently the subject has a personal meaning for him, and his desire to confront it and express its meaning in pictorial terms must be accepted. However, a critic has to discuss his techniques, drawing and colour theory. Each one, taken separately, could be isolated and criticized. Taken all together, they constitute a dilution of Halter's message. Moreover, his etchings are based entirely on a mechanical process of photo-engraving, and merely utilize gross screens and sepia inks to add a certain amount of credibility to the series. (Horace Richter Gallery, Sigmund Mazal Arieh, Old Jaffa.)

HANNA LIBON paints open and carefree surfaces in a style based on diluted analytical cubism and abstract expressionism. Fields of bright oranges and blues are edged by cool grey shapes and negative white areas angled sharply against the picture plane frame, and highlighted by sweeping sets of linear strokes. As the shapes and lines collide, they form closed pockets which Libon illustrates with small, semi-figurative vignettes. Libon studied with Chaim Kiewe, and shows herself to be more of a disciple than a student. Her canvases duplicate the Kiewe philosophy. Libon's tapestries echo the paintings with its reductive designs and stark colours, but more freely in the translation from manual painting to mechanical weaving. (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Sigmund Mazal Arieh, Old Jaffa, Till May 16.)

Other Tel Aviv galleries

Designs for an Opera works by Moti Mizrahi. (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles, Tel Aviv, daily from 6-8 p.m. Till May 18.)

"Rubin's Tel Aviv," an exhibit of works by the late Reuven Rubin to commemorate Tel Aviv's 75th birthday. (Rubin House, 14 Bialik.)

Works by Miriam Gamburg, Afza Bram, Raya Sivan and Reuven Hasidoff. (The Open Gallery, 8 Kikar Kedumin, Old Jaffa.)

Other Jerusalem galleries

A retrospective exhibit of paintings by Genta Dagan from the Fifties to the Eighties. (Jerusalem Artists House, Shmuel Hanagid Street, Jerusalem.)

Etchings by Nurit Livne (Tzavta Jerusalem, 38 King George, Till May 30.)

Oil paintings by Sonya Rdse. (Nora Art Gallery, 9 Ben Maimon, Jerusalem, Till May 19.)

Letter from Amsterdam

Meir Ronnen

A SEMI-RETROSPECTIVE of drawings by Aviva Uri opened at Amsterdam's prestigious Stedelijk Museum of Modern Art on May 3. It occupies the twin entrance galleries, and will remain on view until June 11. The show was put together by Curator Yona Fischer of the Israel Museum in conjunction with the Stedelijk's veteran print and drawings curator Ad Petersen; and the show will be mounted this summer at Dusseldorf's Kunsthalle.

A number of Israeli artists flew to Amsterdam to surprise Uri at the opening, only to find that the artist was unable to attend; her husband, veteran artist David Hendler, was ill and died the same day.

Hendler, born in the Ukraine in 1904, came here in 1926 and was one of the pioneers of "modern" art in this country. He was famed as a draughtsman and he was Aviva Uri's teacher. He had several one-man shows at the Tel Aviv Museum during the Thirties. He was a follower of Matisse, with the knack of conveying the essence of a person or a landscape in a few strokes.

The Uri show looks just as good at the Stedelijk as her work does in Israel. Uri has long been one of our most original abstract expressionists, though her connection with the landscape remains apparent. Her drawings never repeat themselves and despite occasional formalism, always appear spontaneous and filled with tension. The Stedelijk has acquired several of the works.

SANDBERG MEMORIAL

Uri is not the first Israeli to be honoured with a show at this museum, which was singlehandedly turned into a pioneering museum of modern art by the late Will Sandberg, who died in Amsterdam last month at the age of 86. It was Sandberg who brought Zaritsky, Haber, Ardon, Ticho and Arikha to the Stedelijk, and more recently there was a show of works by Moshe Kupferman, which led to the latter's being selected for a current international show of works by six contemporary artists at the Hirschhorn Museum in Washington.

A memorial show of graphic design by Sandberg is now on view in the Stedelijk's foyer, but it does not give one any idea of how Sandberg the curator was able to pioneer the idea that new art can be promoted and made accessible by a single man.

"Rubin's Tel Aviv," an exhibit of works by the late Reuven Rubin to commemorate Tel Aviv's 75th birthday. (Rubin House, 14 Bialik.)

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HAVING AN old crown removed concentrates the mind wonderfully as the dentist hammers away at the imitation molar like a naive Michelangelo. Marble dust drifts from my ear and, inside my skull, the general effect is something like Vesuvius in a particularly foul mood combined with sound effects that suggest minister without portfolio Arik Sharon falling through a plate glass window. What a subject for a narrative painting in the heroic mode - Cupid's Last Stand.

When the dentist follows this up by attempting to pluck my eyebrows from inside my head by shoving needle-sharp removers up the root canals, I feel capable at long last of doing justice to the classical English Lit. examination paper: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" (Henry IV, Part I, Tooth).

I USED to go to a children's dentist on the general theory - inspired by Elizabeth I and the Bishop of London - that if the tots could stand the agony so could I. Suffering from toothache in December 1578 and "afraid of the acute pain that accompanied having it pulled," the Queen kept putting off the operation until Bishop Aymer, "a Man of high Courage," had the surgeon come and "pull one of his own teeth in her Majesty's presence. Which accordingly was done; and She was hereby encouraged to submit to the Operation herself."

The trouble with the visits to the children's dentist was that I used to get stuck in the tiny chairs in the waiting room and the mobile of Walt Disney cartoon characters, especially Goofy with his terrible overbite problem, set my teeth on edge.

My present dentist, a kind and considerate man (grovel, grovel), tries to lull me into a false sense of security by telling jokes filtered through an impenetrable accent - he's of Scottish extraction - and a face mask. "This is the biggest cavity I've ever seen," he remarks. "The biggest cavity I've ever seen."

"You don't have to go on about it," I say crossly, as he selects a drill. "I didn't. That was the echo."

Sometimes he changes the conversation to politics. "What were the four outstanding features of Jimmy Carter's administration?" he asks.

"Gug," I say, "argh," for after all doesn't Goldstein's Axiom, one of Murphy's Laws, state that the dentist never talks to the patient till the drill is in his mouth?

"Give up?" he chortles. "Incisors, canines, bicuspids and molars! I have to wait until his invitation to 'Rinse, please,' to get my own back. 'Did you know that Teddy Roosevelt appointed secretary of state Elihu Root to negotiate the Hay-Bonau-Varilla treaty that gave the U.S. control of the isthmus of Panama?' I ask. 'He called it the best Root Canal job he ever did.'"

On my part, of course, the old jokes are the equivalent of whistling in the dark, but there have been occasions when a dentist has been known to resort to the humour of desperation. Dr. George Tullymore, a Californian dentist, discussed the increase in the number of Painless Pottery and the corresponding decline in the number of patients, in the February 1981 issue of *Dental Practice*. "I have overcome the problem in the following way," he explained. "Wearing a mammoth molar bar and brandishing a six-foot toothbrush, I bound into my surgery dressed in a red cape and bright blue tights and crying, 'I am the Plaque Invader!'"

I don't get it. Does Dr. Tullymore drive to work in this ridiculous outfit?

Mordecai Ford-Rilling



WITH PREJUDICE/Alex Berlyne

fit? If the police were to investigate this nutter roaming the streets, would it be considered a Brush with the Law?

FOR SOME reason, dentists enjoy a reputation for amorous dalliance, so, in the nature of things, dental nurses are always at risk, subject to the unbridled lusts of men whose whole lives are dedicated to office, orifice and the filling of cavities. S.J. Perelman once alluded to this delicate topic in "Nothing but the Tooth," an article he wrote back in the Thirties that was inspired by reading *Oral Hygiene* in his dentist's waiting room.

In one back number, he reported, a letter to the editor sought advice about the treatment of a woman who ground her teeth. "Would it do any good," the reader asked, "to give her a vellum rubber bite?" Before our Sidney could learn whether it was a bite or just a gentle hug that the editor recommended, the nurse came out "slightly flushed and smoothing her hair" to tell him the doctor was ready.

Vellum rubber bites might have proved salvation for the young bride who figured in a cartoon that Malcolm Muggeridge once thought of running in *Punch*. He liked the idea, St. Mugg told John Mortimer in a recent interview, but in those pre-permissive society days finally decided not to use it. It showed an elderly man sitting up in bed next to this luscious young woman and saying, "Pass me my teeth will you? I want to bite you."

I've heard of love bites, but teeth as the 20th-century equivalent of Cupid's darts or of confetti is bloody ridiculous. Yet when Gordon Stuart, a North Shields dental surgeon, married a Miss Clutterbuck a few years ago, the *News of the World* reported that showers of teeth were thrown as the young couple left the church. "The teeth, not attached to plates, were collected by a guest from a dentist friend."

EVERYBODY seems to have teeth to spare while my own are steadily growing fewer. Whenever I see the skeleton of Carmel Man doing the breast stroke through the halls of the Rockefeller Museum, I am always impressed by the superb condition of his teeth compared to the rest of him. I've had nothing but trouble

with my own since the time I was teething. For Teeth the stomach serve, and Life maintain And none can have the Tooth without the Pain

Saint-Marthe wrote in his *Pseudoraphine* in 1580. In addition to this ha'pennyworth of philosophy, he recommended a mixture of "Hare's Brain and Sicilian bees honey" to relieve teething, commodities which, I'm glad to say, were in short supply round our way.

At a tender age I then had the problem of shedding my milk teeth after they'd become all horrid and wobbly. These were thrown into the fire, a practice I later found in John Aubrey's appropriately named *Reveries*, written in 1686. In my case, however, the burning was accompanied by the incantation of a Yiddish rhyme: *Meisels, meisels, nem dir a stein und gib mir a bein* ("Little mouse, take this stone and give me a bone" - presumably a new tooth). If you read Maxim Gorky's *My Childhood*, you'll find his grandmother plucking the mouse, "the hearth spirit," in precisely the same manner.

Imagine my indignation when I learned that other kids put the tooth under their pillow at night and found a sixpence in its place in the morning. I pointed this out to my parents and the next time a tooth fell out I put it under my pillow. It was still there in the morning and when I demanded an explanation my father reminded me that the Tooth Fairy didn't work on *Shabbos*.

Well, in retrospect, it's not really surprising. Round our way we were so poor that when *No, No, Nanette* was all the rage we could only afford to sing *Tea for One*. I'm not that much better off now. In a doomed attempt to keep pace with inflation I tried buying bank shares for a while but I soon lost interest.

The *Guardian* recently ran a lengthy correspondence on the subject of the Redemption of the First Teeth, when a reader claimed that the Tooth Fairy only collected them to make National Elf Service dentures. Not true, other readers said, it was simply to stop them goblin their food and to warn them of bad eating habits in general.

America, even in the darkest days of the Depression, was still much better off than Britain. A friend tells me that when he put a milk tooth under his pillow he found a dollar in its place. "Of course," he hastens to add, "I had buck teeth."

Even though I never managed to collect the Tooth Fairy's tinner I was better off than Muriel Diceu who suffered from deafness in one ear for most of her life. At the age of 96, the *Daily Telegraph* reported a few years ago, surgeons removed a milk tooth, still carefully wrapped in tissue paper, from her ear. "I must have put it on my pillow in 1895 hoping that the fairies would bring me sixpence," she said. "I often wondered what became of it."

WE HARDLY ever went to the dentist except for an extraction and, even then, though we knew the Yanks Were Coming, we put off the inevitable for as long as possible. It's just like my attitude to Red China today; we hoped that if we pretended it wasn't there it might go away.

The usual treatment was to put oil of cloves on the tooth or to wrap a sock full of heated salt round the aching jaw. Others were more adventurous. I once came across an ad in *Exchange and Mart* which stated: "Teeth do-it-yourself kit. Tooth filling, magic whitener, tartar remover, stainless steel file, fullest instructions." This brought to mind that old Western star, Harry Carey, whose name was often confused with the Japanese ritual of drilling one's own dental pulp to expiate disgrace. He was no relation of MacDonald Carey, a Hollywood leading man of the Forties, whose teeth were rotten because of his exclusive diet of hamburgers.

THERE'S a nice bit in *The Song of Songs*: "Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing." I too had biblical teeth; they were like the Ten Commandments, all broken, and bore a general resemblance to those photographs of the old Jewish cemetery in Prague. They leaned at all angles "like ships at sea," as Walter de la Mare once put it, and I was very self-conscious about the gaps until I learned that Chaucer's Wife of Bath considered this "print of Venus" to be very, very attractive:

But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth, Gat-toothed I was, and that became me weel.

I never was very handy with a screw-driver or a pair of pliers and even the key on a tin of sardines defeated me. Instead of a tool-kit I would resort to half-bricks, spit, plasticine, door-keys or - in desperation - my teeth. I lost the corner of an incisor emulating Cleopatra's asp, who was invited with his "sharp teeth this knot intricate to untie," only in my case I was trying to loosen a small chain link. It added a picturesque touch, I felt, studying the damage in a mirror.

The Irish were made of sterner stuff. Sean O'Sullivan of Bunry, Co. Cork, has been laying siege for years to the *Guinness Book of Records*. He wants them to acknowledge that he can open more bottles of stout - using his teeth instead of a bottle-opener - in a given time than anyone else. I assume that they were bottles of Guinness and not Mackeson's or some other brand, if only for tactical reasons.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that an Irishman has no difficulty whatsoever in opening bottles of stout, despite the wile calumny embodied in one of those "Irish" jokes:

Q. What is written on the bottom of Guinness bottles?

A. Open other end.

Q. What is written on the top of Guinness bottles?

A. See other end for instructions. Sean, however, is possessed of phenomenal gifts; in his last attempt at the record, he opened six dozen firmly-capped bottles with his teeth in a mere six minutes and seventeen seconds. Howard Gurnard, speaking on behalf of the *Guinness Book of Records*, was unmoved. "We do not want to start another section," he said, "for the man with the most visits to the dentist."

Cap that story if you can. (Next: I go to a dentist for Mousse)

WHAT'S ON

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CONDUCTED TOURS:
 Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 9-12, Tue No. 14, 24 or 5, Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 321291.
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Hebrew University:
 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Buses 9 and 28.
 2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Braunman Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details: Tel. 02-482819.
American Mizrahi Women. Free Morning

ART GUIDE

Notices in this feature are charged at IS685 per line including VAT; insertion every Friday costs IS2,055 including VAT.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Window to Islam: Islamic culture, religion, science and court life. Gallery of the Roman Period-renovation of gallery and new finds Nahum Tzvet, Wall Statues and Models for Large Sculptures; Jonathan Borofsky, Environmental Sculpture and 3-Dimensional Painting, Face and Body, New Acquisitions in Photography, Henriette, 45 Years of Design, David Schmeurer, Posters and Advertisements, Tom Selmanni Freud, Illustrator of Children's Books, Scripts, Home Theatre Sets and Greeting Cards. Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art, Archaeology and Contemporary Israeli Art. 12 Pages from Curo Genio — Medieval Manuscripts.
Special Exhibits: Works by winners of 1984 Museum Prizes. Masterpiece of Greek Pottery, New 7th cent. Mosaic Floor, Ticho House: Works by Anna Ticho. Collection of Hunkiot. Open 10-4.30. Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom fortress. News in Antiquities: Finds from Phoenician Tombs, 10th-7th cent. B.C.E. How to Study the Past for children. Paley Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum. Closed Saturdays.
Old Yishuv Court Museum. The life of the

Jewish community in the Old City, and 19th century-World War II, 6 Reh. O. Hahaton, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thurs. 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Eliza Walford Museum at Helchal Sidman: Permanent Exhibition of Judaica, Diorama Room History of Jewish People. Tel. 247112

Galleries
Galerie Vilon Nouvelle. Klutrot Hahatzer, Y.S. Hamaiche. Original prints by international artists. Tel. 02-319864, 280111.
Yakov Greenwald Gallery. Jewish ceremonial objects in silver for commemorations of modern art. Sun-Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Fri. till 1 p.m. Hahatzer Hahatzer, opposite Jaffa Gate.

Tel Aviv Museum. Exhibitions: Classical Painting in 17th and 18th Centuries; Impressionism and Post-Impressionism; Twentieth Century Art, Israeli Art. Visiting Hours: Sun-Thurs. 10-10, Sat. 10-2, 7-10 Fri. closed. Helena Rubinstein Pavilion. Exhibition: A Pear and an Apple. Still Life Exhibition. Visiting Hours: Sun. 9-1; 5-9, Sat. 10-2, Fri. closed.

ISRAEL THEATRES

Hahma
 The National Theatre
 Tomorrow, Saturday, May 12
 10.30
SANGER
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 The Chamber Theatre
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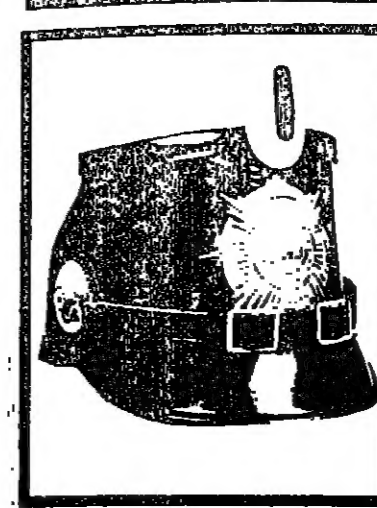
at **The Rockefeller Museum** (in English)
 sponsored by the Nelson Glueck Institute of Biblical Archaeology of Hebrew Union College and the W.F. Albright Institute of Archaeological Research

ZEEV YEIVIN
 on **KHORAZIN**
 Sunday, May 13, 1984 at 3.00 p.m.

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
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MUSIC **ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK**
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 A PEAR AND AN APPLE — AN EXHIBITION ON STILL-LIFE

THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM

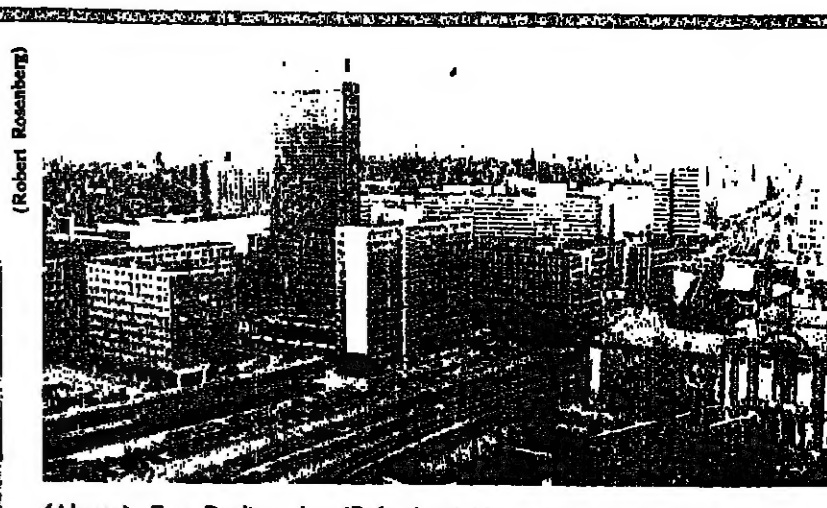
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(Right) Carmelite nuns at Dachau.



(Left) Carmelite nuns at Dachau.



(Above) East Berlin today. (Below) Children at the Berlin Wall.



red-brick complex that houses more than 1,000 criminals, with separate cell blocks for drug dealers, we meet two "Israelis." Actually they are Georgians who spent some time in Israel before making their way to Germany.

One of them, Aharon Ahahshvili, spent more time in Ramle prison than he did outside in Israel. "Do you have any trouble here? Do they make problems for you because you're Jewish?" I ask. "In Ramle I had more problems. I've been in jail with Jews and goyim and Arabs and idiots. Jails are the same everywhere. Here, the only difference is that they're German," he answers. He's in jail for armed robbery.

As he speaks to me in broken Hebrew, the warden who has given the tour of the prison smiles self-consciously. He can't understand the conversation and seems nervous as Ahahshvili paces the room, suddenly bending over the table and pulling a cigar out of his shirt pocket. "Let me have a light," he asks. The warden smiles as we laugh. Afterwards, the warden asks what we talked about. I tell him that we compared prison conditions in Israel and Germany.

"The Germans are much better at it than we are in Israel," I tell him. He takes it as a compliment. "I know that there are many people in the world who view the Germans as terrible people. And there are things about Germans that are terrible. But if I can show you that we are trying to be different, then I have done something for my country."

WEST BERLIN'S postwar architecture is unassuming. The apartment houses are small, the corporate headquarters may be steel and glass, but they aren't buildings with huge portals or oversized columns.

In East Berlin, totalitarian architecture abounds: massive avenues, almost empty of cars; narrow sidewalks, almost as empty of people, and huge plazas in front of mammoth, almost monolithic buildings.

The Nazis, explains Lauter, my second guide in Berlin, built that way "to make people feel insignificant."

MEETING SOME politicians in Bonn, we hear about the *Gastarbeiter*, the Turkish workers who were originally invited to Germany and now are one of the causes of unemployment.

"We need a solution to the problem," says a member of the Christian Democratic Union. "Something humane, like maybe paying them to leave."

Later on, a member of the Green Party comes in. He's wearing a red sweater, and I make a crack about being green on the outside and red on the inside. He doesn't find it funny.

But he uses the word Holocaust, the first person I've heard in Germany use it. And, without having heard the CDU politician, he rails against those who view the Turks "as a problem to be solved." He thinks Germany needs some pluralism, and

suggests that the Turks should be given citizenship if they want it.

ANDREAS, A YOUNG law student in Bonn, tells me that one of his professors is always complaining that the German universities "will never be as good as they once were, because there are no Jews left."

Andreas wants to get a job with the Foreign Ministry one day. I tell him about some Israelis his age who are going to work for the Foreign Ministry in Jerusalem "as at least partly a matter of feeling a sort of patriotism, a mission."

He looks at me strangely. "Patriotism," he says, "is a dirty word for my generation."

FRANK, MY GUIDE in Berlin, is curious about Israel. He can't understand how we survive with inflation, and says Menachem Begin did damage to German-Israeli dialogue. "Shamir seems much better," he says. His curiosity is combined with a sense of mission, though he won't call it patriotism.

He's an unemployed school-teacher who earns his living guiding guests of the German government. His purpose, he says, "is not to show only good things, but 'as much of the truth as I can.' He studied to become a high school teacher and now works as a guide for the same reason."

"I know that there are many people in the world who view the Germans as terrible people. And there are things about Germans that are terrible. But if I can show you that we are trying to be different, then I have done something for my country."

A YOUNG WOMAN in Bonn tells me one evening as we drink Rhine wines in a bar that she has a difficult time with her grandfather.

"He was one of them and still is, actually. But, you know, he's my grandfather. I see him once a year. He lives in the north, near Hamburg. I try to avoid the subject, but he usually brings it up."

"It is difficult. Very difficult for me. I can't understand him. But he's my grandfather. I pretend I don't hear what he says."

"THE POOR children, they know that their grandparents don't have horns, aren't devils. But they hear, somehow, what their grandparents did, what their parents did, and it hurts them," says Erika. She is childless, in her early 50s. One of her closest friends is an Israeli.

DURING A visit to the most elite anti-terror unit in Germany, the

GSG9, which conducted the Mogadishu rescue operation and was established with much guidance from Israeli experts after the Munich massacre, I don't know how to respond to a statement by one of the officers.

He tells me that what he admires most about the Israelis is their "truthfulness" in dealing with terrorists. It's fine to be ruthless with terrorists, I think, but that's not what I want to be admired for. Especially not by a German.

THE GERMAN police say they have more problems with Lebanese dealing in drugs, than with Israelis dealing in women.

Israelis and Arabs have developed a kind of coexistence in the German underworld that could be envied in the Middle East. Together they run the sex-for-sale businesses in the area near the Frankfurt railway station.

One day I am standing on a corner in the area, on my way to the train to get to the airport. It's around 5 p.m., and the streets are full of fancy automobiles with well-dressed businessmen double-parked outside sex inns, sex shops, sex shows.

A top-of-the-line Mercedes sports car triple-parks outside one of the sex inns. The driver gets out. He is wearing a white suit with a gold medallion bouncing on a hairy chest. He shouts — in Hebrew — to the woman in the passenger seat: "I'll be right back."

He goes inside and comes out in less than a minute, counting a thick wad of 500-mark notes, and cursing somebody named Moshe in Hebrew and Arabic. He gets in his car and the tyres squeal as he drives away.

ISRAELIS comprise 0.05 per cent of the population of West Germany. And they make up 0.02 per cent of the prison population.

IN EAST BERLIN, I ask the bus driver whether there's a Jewish community. He's from the west. "First ask the guide," he tells me.

A handsome blonde woman who is very proud of East Berlin's rent rates and education statistics tells me that there's a Jewish community with its own community centre.

Later, the driver remarks that there are "maybe two dozen old

Jews. They pray in the old Great Synagogue. It's in the same condition that it was the day after *Kriegall-nach*. They've cleaned out one room and use it to pray.

"Maybe I'll be able to drive just it," he promises.

As we leave a museum where Greek, Roman and Babylonian treasures stolen by Germans in earlier years are on display, he tries to take a right-hand turn. The East German guide stops him. He glances back at me and shakes his head.

A FEW DAYS before the end of the trip, I go to Dachau with the rest of the Israeli group, a dozen journalists and two government officials.

We walk through the administration hall, full of posters and documents similar to those at Yad Vashem.

Our guide is Hans Wagner, a 71-year-old German minister of Jewish origin who left Germany in 1933 and returned two years ago from America. He talks about his work at the Protestant church as if it were a holy mission. It probably is.

We arrive at the Jewish chapel, a building dug into the earth with no inside to it. There is a ramp leading underground. A shaft of light falls from a skylight. The iron gates are closed and padlocked.

Interior Ministry spokesman Yitzhak Agassi, the only religious member of the group, reads aloud two psalms, and then, during *El maleh rahamim*, breaks down. Somehow he manages to get through it and together we say *Kaddish*.

Wagner stands with us, as do some German high school kids I noticed on the way into the camp.

Afterwards Wagner thanks us for allowing him to pray with us. He has a congregation of about 30 mostly young people who come on Sundays to pray. During the week there are symposia on the Holocaust and peace issues in his church. He has been to Yad Vashem twice.

"On Sundays, we end our prayers here," he says, as we slowly walk up the ramp and look out at the damp chilly rain falling on the pebble-covered field that once was Dachau concentration camp.

"So few people come to pray here and we feel that it is what we must do."

THERE'S NOT a hint of anything unusual.

It's Hanukkah eve, the holiday of heroes. The wife and kids are out eating *latkes* at a friend's. Rafi is glad of the quiet — now he can finish off the work he's brought home from the office.

Only later, after they've come to kill him, and after he kills them instead, does he recall the faint transmission on his radio, the one he had dismissed earlier as the prank of some young ham operators. But who had ever heard of Radio Free Ein Harod?

My problem now is sneaking out of Tel Aviv. There's only one way — by sea. Escape by land is impossible. They've blocked up the city exits. And if they stop you, they don't just turn you back. During the first two weeks, anyone even remotely suspected of making a break for Ein Harod was shot on the spot. Those who fled north, their wives and children in tow to make it look like an innocent family outing, were cut down along with their escorts. Today not even those on the right dare drive their own cars. The only ones allowed to use the roads are official convoys, documented, scrutinized, and accompanied by an armed guard.

The story, a novella, is *The Road to Ein Harod* (Am Oved, Hicbrew, 120 pp.). The author is Israeli playwright, painter, newspaper columnist, former Cnaanite, and political firebrand Amos Kenan. The plot depicts the events following a right-wing military putsch in the Israeli republic.

The furor surrounding the book stems both from its dystopian message, and from it having won its author the Issam Sartawi Peace Prize. And the novelty of it all, the times we live in, and Kenan's terse, spare, writing, have combined to make *The Road to Ein Harod* an Israeli best-seller, by virtue of having sold out two editions of 2,000 books each, and now depleting a third, number one on the list.

AMOS KENAN, 57, lives in a suitably affluent central Tel Aviv apartment. His shirt open at the waist, Kenan looks stout and laid back, clearly satisfied with the results of his latest bid for notoriety.

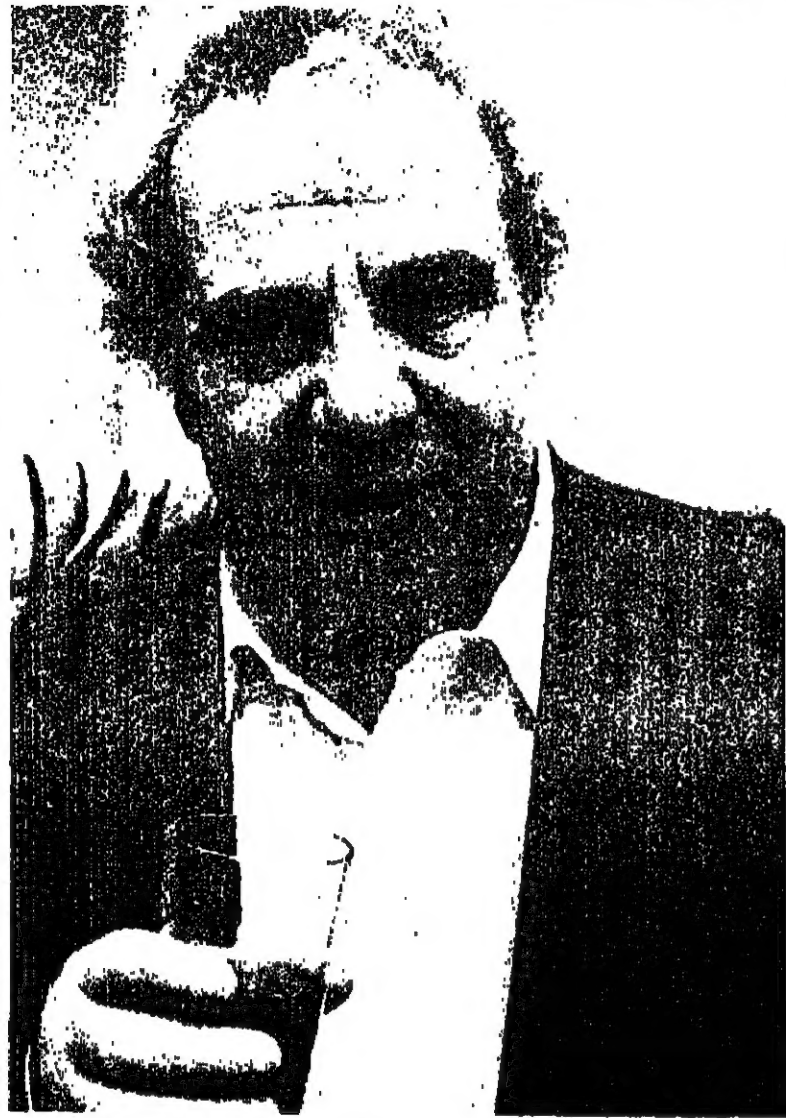
The phone doesn't stop ringing. Rafik Halevy wants him on the nine o'clock news, someone else wants him on a magazine cover. The stuff of fame, or perhaps infamy, and to be sure, Kenan has lived a life even his fictional creations would be hard-pressed to top.

Born in Tel Aviv, Kenan belonged to the kibbutz-affiliated Hashomer Hatzair youth movement. With the end of World War II, however, he left the fold for a stint in the Stern Gang. "While everyone was talking about anti-imperialism," recalls Kenan, "the Lehi was doing something about it. And there was something attractively Cnaanite about its ideological underpinnings, a conviction that the coming war would purify and unite Hebrew youth in the land, amputating it from the course of Jewish history in the gale."

Following the War of Independence, Kenan set to work as a satirical columnist for *Ha'aretz*. Using the then new Hebrew slang, his column, "Uzi," lashed out at the sacred cows of Mapai and Israeli officialdom with aplomb until 1952, when Kenan was arrested for ostensibly having planted a bomb in the office of the Minister of Transport.

Apparently, Kenan had vehemently criticized the government's intention to shut down the Sabbath bus services, and moreover, had the bad luck to be found nearby when the bomb was discovered. Subsequently, the Supreme Court acquit-

APOCALYPSE NOW AMOS KENAN



Sheldon Teitelbaum

ted him on all counts. "But the folks at *Ha'aretz* asked me, if it wouldn't be too much of an inconvenience, to find a new place of work," he recalls.

Kenan found one. He left the country, settling in Paris, which would be home for eight years. There he wrote plays, had some produced, and engaged in radical socialist politics. A member of French radical Henri Curiel's political clique, Kenan championed the struggle of the Algerian FLN and engineered several meetings between Israeli intellectuals, among them Uri Avnery, and Arab personages, including the Egyptian "Free Officers."

"Shalom," I said. He didn't answer. He just stared. I waited, said it again. "Shalom."

"You don't say 'shalom' with a gun in your hand," he replied.

"I happen to believe in peace with security. And what's your name?"

"Mahmoud, if you don't mind. And peace you'll never get!"

"I haven't switched politics since that time," says Kenan. "But everything else has changed."

"I'm no great fan of Amnon Rubinstein, but something he once wrote I find particularly apt. Amnon is a liberal by both conviction and temperament, and has the reputation of a radical, a characterization he hates. He wrote that it's like going to sleep in a fenced-in camp, awakening in the morning to discover that, while you slept, they moved the camp and fence, leaving you outside."

"You," says the commander, "and your kind should have been finished off when you were small!"

"Definitions of left and right in Israel only confuse," he says. "Here the right fought imperialism, the left collaborated. Here the socialists expelled the Arabs in 1948 (I fought in that war, I saw it with my own eyes), and refused to resettle refugees after 1967."

"But I'm not a Marxist. And I've never belonged to a political party. I find the issues with which the 'New Left' has been involved trivial."

"I'm more interested in metapolitical concerns — in guaranteeing the immediate survival of this planet. In Israel, the prospect of nuclear war or eco-catastrophe doesn't daunt a soul. Only rich folk worry about the apocalypse. Mao used to call thermonuclear weapons 'paper tigers.'"

"In Bangladesh you worry about filling your stomach, not about racial survival, certainly not about species survival. And Israel, because of incessant warfare, is as poor as Bangladesh — we all just want to make it to the next day. And why worry about nukes when our enemies can do the job with knives and sticks?"

KENAN nonetheless returned to Israel in 1963, "after I'd begun dreaming in French." On his return, he went to work for *Yedioth Ahronot* as a columnist, and became a popular bohemian figure — a Cnaanite as well. That movement, which originated even before the 1948 war, involved a few cynical rebels who declared their lack of attachment to the Jewish people, scorned the Diaspora Jewishness of their fathers, and announced themselves an indigenous Middle Eastern race.

"We can't let some 'Mahmoud,' one who took an Israeli brigadier-general prisoner, just walk away. If it opens its mouth, it won't be good for the Jews."

"Which Jews?"

"Jews like me."

"I was once a Jew too."

"Maybe, but that was when you were alive. If you like the sound of it so much, though, let's just say you're a dead Jew."

I thought to myself, there's a logic to it. If the only good Arab is a dead Arab, then a bad Jew is necessarily a dead Jew!

The *Road to Ein Harod* is Amos Kenan's second foray into soft-core science fiction, a fact ignored by Israeli critics, who call it "Hebrew lit," and by SF critics who've never heard of him.

His first genre novel was *Holocaust II*, published in Hebrew in 1973, and since translated only into French. The book, which depicts the destruction of the State of Israel following an endless future history of wars, recalls that eerie and excellent British TV series, *The Prisoner*.

KENAN CLAIMS to write what Robert Heinlein originally termed "speculative fiction" for the same reasons Swift wrote satire. "It's safer," says Kenan. "This way, I ensure both my own physical survival and my ability to express myself."

By placing events in the immediate or far future, Kenan distances the reader from the full emotional impact of the situations he describes. It is a familiar SF device. Concurrently, in order to achieve some suspension of disbelief on the part of the reader, he employs various familiar and realistic plot devices and props:

We pass what was once Kibbutz Ein Harosh. The orchards are still there. The rest isn't. The water tower, the dining room, the settlement's buildings and living quarters — they've all been pulverized into the ground.

But Kenan was virtually unable to find a publisher for a U.S. edition of *Holocaust II*, a fate which may await *The Road to Ein Harod* as well. And, in fact, Kenan cites reasons for this which at first glance seem positively anti-Semitic: "There are about 100,000 Jews living in New York," he explains, "who control what gets published in the U.S. and what doesn't. I was told that American Jews simply will not put up with a book about a defeated Israel, a razed Tel Aviv!"

What about the post-'67 book, *If Israel Lost the War*?

"This isn't it — it's the end. And they didn't want to know from it. But that was a while ago. *The Road to Ein Harod* is another story. A coup d'état is different — it happens all the time all over the place. And, anyway, seven years of Begin probably created an ideal market for the book in the States."

The literary idea of a militaristic or fascist Israel is not entirely novel. In *Stand on Zanzibar*, British novelist John Brunner casually refers to an "Israel gone fascist," and in recent letters has called the very existence of the state into question.

But is the concept as far-fetched as it may seem, the result of anti-Israeli wish fulfillment and power fantasies? Kenan isn't so sure.

The Road to Ein Harod may affect the trapping of sociological science fiction, with a little bit of the thriller thrown in for spice, but, "like all good SF books," he says, "the events described in it are as real as the newspapers you read."

Indeed, shortly before I met Kenan, a Dahab public-opinion poll disclosed that one-third of those Israelis polled lack faith in the ability

of a democratic regime to solve the country's burning problems, and would "favour a radical change of political regime." Moreover, 56 per cent were cited as advocating the "liquidation of the media."

"Neither have, nor lack, faith in the country's democratic processes. Most people do not see democracy as a value, and the chances of a military takeover occurring here are as great as elsewhere," says Kenan.

In fact, says Kenan, things are just awful, "and there's no light at the end of the tunnel. Israel of the Eighties is a spiritual ghetto and a political purdah, virtually leprosy."

We only know how to work military solutions to all of life's problems. We live in the shadows, which is the only place others are prepared to deal with us, and with each passing day, the world wants to know us less. We won't even try to reach an accommodation with our immediate neighbours, we've lost all semblance of independence, and our main role in the world is to test U.S. weapons against Soviet weapons — we're paid by the body count, we use the money to buy videos. Nobody feels 'good,' our young people are voting with their feet, and 40 per cent of the country thinks that's O.K."

I must get to Megiddo. Oh, I know what it is. It's the place they call Armageddon.

"No," he says. "I won't join them. As one who fought to create the state, I feel responsible for it." His eyes grow misty. "You know, that was the only biblical war we've fought in thousands of years, a life and death struggle for the land. The rest have been extraneous, our having won them unconnected to right or wrong, just or unjust."

DESPITE his disclaimers, the protagonist of *The Road to Ein Harod* is not entirely unlike Amos Kenan.

"His crime is that, at one point in life, probably when he was young, he belonged to an organization now considered subversive, like a kibbutz, or Mapam. Otherwise, he's a family man, a bourgeois who never thought to really reject the values of his society. But he has 'opinions.' And these differ from the national consensus."

Kenan claims that all former members of Mapam, for instance, have been investigated by internal security forces, and that files exist on all of them.

In the book, the file is opened on the protagonist, and he's hunted down like a dog.

"Certainly, if there ever is a rightist putsch in Israel," says Kenan, "I'll be one of the first to go."

"And by the way," said the general, "you must have noticed that, though you can't see any Arabs around, you see their goats and donkeys."

Kenan's alter ego ("Not true — he's a semi-intellectual member of the middle class — a clerk, or a teacher") breaks through a military cordon of Tel Aviv in an attempt to force his way to the refuge of Ein Harod, a kibbutz he believes has held out against the new military regime. He teams up with a young Israeli Arab escaping his own holocaust. The two distrust each other, but must work together to stay alive.

"I'm sorry I hit you," I said. "I had no choice."

"We're always forcing you to hit us. And you never have a choice."

The plot thickens. Rafi and Mahmoud (who has a Jewish mistress in Netanyahu and passes as "Rafi") kidnap an Israeli brigadier-general and his driver as hostages (they too are called Rafi), and attempt to bargain their way through the junta leader, OC Northern Command (also Rafi), to freedom.

"I'm not alone, you know. I have one of your brigadier-generals."

"One more, or less. The good always go first."

"There's the girl."

"You're breaking my heart! But you know, there's nothing more complete than a broken heart."

"What do I cut off first to show you I'm serious?"

"For my part, you can start with his prick."

"Over and out," I said to the OC Northern Command. "I'll start cutting and I'll call back in a few minutes."

"I don't think calling everybody 'Rafi' detracts from the realism of the book, although it is an attempt at satire. I know that it made most of my readers laugh. Rafi is the typical name of my generation. Ironically it originated on the kibbutzim. As for an Arab called Rafi, I never met a waiter or construction worker who didn't go by the name. The whole bloody country is 'Rafi.'"

NOR IS the book bereft of humour, even hilarity. One perfect touch is having junta chief Rafi strike out to solve the Jewish struggle once and for all. Towards the end, he recalls the words of "noted military historian Amos Kenan, a son of a bitch like you" (this then is a parallel or 'alternate' and not a future world), about the IDF's traditional 'dead cow doctrine' — the creation of settlements on conquered land, a never-ending process, as more territory must be endlessly conquered to provide them with security.

That is, until the famed General Helms came along:

"Helms! God forgive him, wasn't a stupid man, just an idiot. He said that instead of rushing forward, the army should always run a spiral, and thus was born the famous IDF motto — 'After me — Sideways!' When you run in an expanding spiral, you can conquer the world. But when you run a shrinking spiral, you screw yourself in the ass!"

But to really outflank the enemy, suggests General Rafi, you have to run in time as well as space. To this end, he has assembled an array of thermonuclear intercontinental ballistic 'time' missiles in an underground silo near Megiddo. Each rocket is zeroed in on an historical enemy of the Jews, Pharaoh, the kings of Babylon, Chmelnicki, Hitler. Ahh, but who is the Jews' greatest enemy?

"Surprisingly," says Kenan, "the idea isn't so wild. Zionism was a rebellion against history, our way of settling accounts with the world. Rafi is only out of his mind because he intends to push this concept through to its logical conclusion."

Reactions to the book?

"People have found it emotionally explosive," says Kenan. "Two days after it hit the stands, a girl I don't know called in hysterics, claiming she'd been crying for two days. She asked me if this is truly what's in store for us. I told her that it's our job to make sure it isn't."

Incidentally, the right has yet to react to the book.

The end of the book is not easily understood.

Why wasn't Kenan more explicit in his depiction of the apocalypse?

"If you've been educated to expect some catharsis from a book, even a negative conclusion, you've had a lousy education," he replies.

"I don't owe the reader catharsis. I earn my money for the first 118 pages, and if the reader feels lousy at the end of the last two, it's because I've been holding him by the balls all along and won't return them. And that," claims Amos Kenan, "is the name of the game!"

HE WORKED on it for 10 years and dropped tensing hints about it in public for nearly as long. The result, unsurprisingly enough, is that Norman Mailer's much-touted "Egyptian novel" — now in paperback — is over-written and overhyped.

Few critics liked it. One said the first 50 pages were among the best the famed American novelist-journalist had ever produced, the rest a hopeless mishmash. Some reviewers wouldn't even buy the first 50.

This reviewer indeed found those opening 50 pages marvelous and, mishmash or no, even allowed himself to be enchanted by much of the ensuing 300 pages. But that was still only half-way into this densely clothed book. By then it was too difficult to suppress the suspicion that Mailer had just plain gone crazy.

If the author hadn't lost his wit, he had certainly lost all sense of proportion and direction, lost his charm and intelligence, lost everything in fact except his plodding power, like one of those irrigation wheels on the Nile, to keep churning out words. The novel had become repetitious and mind-numbing, circling and feeding on itself. Mailer's *magnus opus* more and more resembled a kind of *magnun opium*, the rambling, incoherent and pointless narrative of an old barfly or dope-smoker which, despite his many accomplishments, is rather what Mailer frequently is.

THE BOOK'S failure is not just the result of an exhausted writer running out of petrol. Nor, like *Huckleberry Finn*, is this a classic case of a weak end being tacked onto an otherwise well-conceived and executed story. Instead, like a badly designed monument, *Ancient Evenings* simply collapses in on itself because of sheer weight and inadequate support.

That collapse pulls down with it

MAILER'S MURDERS are usually rather tepid, amule productions — dissatisfied writer murders publisher, dissatisfied erotica client murders bookseller, dissatisfied wife murders preoccupied scribe.

Not so Bognelli, Patrick McGinley's first book, which appeared two years ago. Wit and violence had never been so happily married, and the writing was a stark, indelible pleasure.

In his second book, *Goosefoot*, (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £7.50), he doesn't let the reader down.

We have Patricia Teeling, bright country girl who hotfoots it to the big city after years among the cows and sheep. She meets up with some delightfully drawn creatures, who include Foxley, the English teacher, bent on rubbing her tummy; the failed writer Bernard Baggott; whose wife ends up skewered with a bread knife after receiving a series of dirty telephone calls; McMyler, a witty policeman; and a couple of pimps.

Teeling manages to preserve her virginity, as she innocuously draws the murderer out of his hidey hole, and ultimately leaves him bound and naked in her rural heartland.

The book gets off to a somewhat slow start, but the writing is beautiful, and the characters grip and enthrall. The indecent phone calls are small masterpieces: "...I follow you to the shops nearly every day...I note your crystal-glass ankles, your Grecian bum as your crimson knickers blush through the magnolia of your skirt. Like an acolyte. I raise your chasuble and have you, not your barrel, but over a pram...I love the lilt of your instep, the silk-softness of your footfalls. Be sure to go shopping tomorrow at 3.42 p.m. I

Mailer's mummy

ANCIENT EVENINGS by Norman Mailer. London, Picador, 709 pp., £2.50.

S.T. Meravi

LIKE the rabbits of *WaterShip Down*, the flat, frieze-like Egyptians of *Ancient Evenings* are busy with battle, and like good bunnies everywhere are dedicated to humping one another at every opportunity. Because these are Norman Mailer's bunnies, these Egyptians are also enamoured of such pastimes as buggery, which turns up every few pages, and other kinky pursuits like incest, necrophilia, masturbation, sado-masochism, rape, child-molesting, group-gropes, and (after all this filth, can a little fecal matter?) dining on dung. Grandfather does it to grand-daughter, mother to son, son to fist and, through the convenient device of reincarnation, some characters even manage to do it to themselves. After several dozen turns of the trick, however, this sort of business just isn't as compelling to the reader as it apparently is to the author.

"Crude thoughts and fierce forces are my state," begins this novel, in a bid for immortal literary openings along the lines of "Call Me Ishmael" and so we can't say we haven't been warned. Still, the book would hardly be worth discussing if it didn't contain many good things. Mailer does present some stunning set-pieces: the embalming and resurrection scene in the opening, a barge ride along the Nile, a pharaonic feast, elaborate temple ceremonies, and most memorably, a 150 page battle between the Gyppos and the Hittites at Kadesh which, whatever its historical worth, makes for great fun.

Similarly, Mailer's excursions into myth and dream bring back little from that much-trammeled territory. It would seem that his last hope then, if any hope can remain after all of Mailer's labours, is merely to dazzle the reader by the magic of his literary imagination. But magic flouts on the airiness of illusion; under the ponderousness of the pyramids it gets smothered.

The irony of all this is that a massive work that Norman Mailer reportedly hoped would be his *Finnegan's Wake* or his *Henry Dick* or at least his *Don Quixote*, in fact reads more like a funky send-up of *WaterShip Down*. That book, you may recall, was an epic romance about battling bunnies that England's Richard Adams had originally spun out over the years for his children.

MAILER dedicates *Ancient Evenings* to his own kids, but one shudders to think of this being related at bedtime.

Another achievement is the sustained narrative tone. As in his other works, Mailer invents a peculiar and original voice for his narrator that appears to be just right. With only the rarest of anachronistic intrusions (calling a wine house a "bar," for example), he maintains the flow of his words with the majestic and inevitable sweep of the mighty Nile.

AND YET, even after just a few thousand cubic metres of words, one cannot very well suspend his disbelief when a queen responds like this to being sodomized:

"Oh," she said, "you are so wicked, you are in My *sha*. You are on My field, you are on My estate, oh, you swim in My swamp, *Shesh* and *shesh*. Write on Me, inscribe Me, *shesh* and *shesh*, you are My mud and My *maher*, My canal, My ooze, you are a devil of a man, sweet *kherru*, My swamp, My robber, My enemy, oh, go deep into the rot, stick it deep, touch the dead, oh, *khat, khat, khat*, put it in My quarry, put it up My tomb, give it to My ancestors..."

One hardly knows what to say in reply to this sort of *shesh bash*, unless it be *khat, khat, khat* and leave it at that.

FOR A final note, however, let's look at Mailer's final words:

"We sail across dominions barely seen, washed by the swells of time. We plough through fields of magnetism. Past and future come together on thunderheads, and our dead hearts live with lightning in the wounds of Gods."

This conclusion seems to contain, mummy-like, so much of *Ancient Evenings* in its entirety: it's lyrical and sexually charged, ambitiously wrought and poorly thought, poetically suggestive and ultimately empty. As with Richard Adams' bunny book, you might be momentarily charmed, but you'll soon be embarrassed by it all.

If you can steer through the dense street-language, then this is the book for you.

Lastly, a re-print of Graham Greene and Hugh Greene's *The Spy's Bedside Book* (Granada, £3.95). If every professional has his bedside book, then why not spies?

The selection of documents, excerpts from stories and novels, and one or two full short stories — all about spies and spying — are uneven. A few, true to the book's name, are sleep-inducing. Others are archaic, some funny so, others boringly.

The Greenes have also selected some delightful curios, such as Nazi spy-master Walter Schellenberg's description of his desk: "My desk was like a small fortress. Two automatic guns were built into it which could spray the whole room with bullets... All I had to do in an emergency was press a button..."

Best of all is Colette's catty description of Mata Hari: "Her dancing and the naive legends surrounding her were of no better quality than the ordinary claptrap of the current 'Indian turns' in the music hall. The only pleasant certainties on which her drawing room audiences could count were a slender waist kept hidden, a fine, supple, moving back, muscular loins, long thighs and slim knees. Her nose and mouth, which were both thick, and the rather oily brilliance of her eyes did nothing to alter — on the contrary — our established notions of the Oriental. It should be said that the finale of her dance, the moment when Mata Hari, freed of her last girdle, fell forward modestly upon her belly, carried the male — and a good proportion of the female — spectators to the extreme limit of decent attention."

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH'S latest, *The Delta Star* (Bantam, \$3.75), is as bad as his previous books. And will appeal to his fans for the same reasons. Written in thick American cop-slang, its contorted plot centres on the death of hooker Missy Moonbeam.

MUCH BETTER is Jon Winters' *The Catenary Exchange* (Avon \$3.50), which has British Agent Neville Conyers penetrate East Berlin to effect an exchange of kidnappers.

THE CATENARY EXCHANGE by Jon Winters. Avon, \$3.50.

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MAILER'S MUMMY by S.T. Meravi.

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ZAIRE OBSERVES this year the 24th anniversary of its liberation from colonial rule and the 19th year of President Mobutu Sese Seko's assumption of power. Post-colonial turbulence, East-West conflict, North-South antagonism, United Nations intervention and cruel internal strife marked the first years of its independence. The former Belgian Congo, originally a private and highly profitable but severely abused domain of King Leopold, and later an area exploited by Belgian and British industrial and financial interests, was completely unprepared for self-government, when the hour of its independence struck, much earlier than anyone inside or outside the colony had anticipated.

In 1959, a year before the country attained independence, when I served as ambassador in Brussels, I visited the Belgian Congo. Upon my return I reported to then Prime Minister Gaston Eyskens my impressions that this immense land appeared to me like a slumbering giant resting on a bed of copper, cobalt, uranium and diamonds. This giant didn't know how wealthy it was, and it was quietly stirring before its sudden awakening. The prime minister asked for my recommendations. I made three points: Firstly, Africanize the administration — there was not a single Congolese high-ranking official in the government of the colony. Secondly, Europeanize the problem. Belgium should share its responsibilities and burdens with its fellow-members in the European Community. Thirdly, it should commit itself to a timetable for granting independence. Little did I and my interlocutor know that, a year later, we would meet in Leopoldville to attend festivities connected with the Congo's proclamation of independence.

General de Gaulle made a speech in Brazzaville in the summer of 1958, where in consequence of France's hopeless, excruciating war in Algeria, he offered independence to all French colonies in Africa. This speech unleashed the chain reaction of decolonization. The colonial peoples and the colonial powers were swept along by the new forces, which changed the political map of the globe. They were surprised by this sudden change of fortune as was the United States, the ally of the colonial powers. Not so the Soviet Union. "It approached the Congo," Madeleine Kalb writes, "on the basis of an ideologically geopolitical strategy, unlike the United States which acted in a state of blissful ignorance."

Khrushchev, a politician as enterprising as he was temperamental, recognized the central role of the newly independent Congo in the approaching power struggle in Africa. Zaire, located in the heart of Africa and endowed with immeasurable mineral wealth, became a prime target of Soviet strategic aspirations. During World War II the colony had been the main source of America's uranium supply for the manufacture of its atomic bombs; it was and remained the world's foremost producer of industrial diamonds and the supplier of 60 per cent of its cobalt.

THE AUTHOR OF *The Congo Cables* is particularly well qualified to describe, and document, the early years of Soviet-American rivalry in the newly-independent Congo. Madeleine Kalb followed the evolution of the struggle from her vantage point in Moscow, where her husband, Marvin was CBS bureau

African birthpangs



THE CONGO CABLES: The Cold War in Africa — From Eisenhower to Kennedy by Madeleine G. Kalb. New York, Macmillan. 466 pp. \$19.95.

Gideon Rafael

chief in the early Sixties. Her observations, and the material she collected then from Soviet sources, stood her in good stead when, 15 years later, she gained access in Washington to the bulk of the classified American documents concerning U.S. policies and operations in the early years of Zaire's independence.

In the preface to her fascinating book, she writes that the "Congo story of the 1960-1963 period had all the ingredients of a first-rate adventure novel — exotic location, dramatic plot, colourful and influential characters caught at a significant moment in their lives — set against the backdrop of crumbling empires, great power rivalry, and a sudden surge of nationalism across an entire continent." Indeed she has captured the full flavour of the drama, but, unlike some contemporary docudrama writers, has stuck meticulously and soberly to the facts.

The author's perception of Soviet policies, her insight into the workings of American diplomacy acquired from the study of nearly 2,500 diplomatic dispatches and White House papers, references to the records of the United Nations, her own remarkable perspicacity and sure judgment of the conduct and characters of the leading actors in the Congo drama, lend this thoroughly researched, well balanced and lucidly written book an air of authenticity.

The availability of these top-secret documents was a windfall not only for the general public, eager to know what the government had concealed from it, but also for the serious researcher wanting to present a true picture of a historic period. A variety of government actions, mostly of a secret nature and severely criticized by press and public as blatant errors, which included the Bay of Pigs operation, intervention in Vietnam, and the Watergate affair, prompted the U.S. senate to initiate a thorough investigation into the doings of the government's

secret agencies.

The probe of the CIA in particular produced some startling and highly embarrassing disclosures, including the dispatch — "on the highest authority" — of "Joe from Paris." Joe was a CIA scientist equipped with poisoned toothpaste, not intended for the preservation of Lumumba's teeth, but rather to relieve the Congo of its newly-elected prime minister. Indeed, he was an unsavoury character, whose pro-Soviet inclinations and associations deeply disturbed Washington, Brussels and London. *The Congo Cables* reveal the details of the conspiracy to dispatch Lumumba to a better world, where he would scarcely have need of toothpaste. In any case, this particular conspiracy failed. Willy Lumumba escaped. However, he was trapped by the cunning of a young army colonel. Mobutu's Congolese forces delivered him to Tshombe, the secessionist leader of the mineral-rich Katanga province, who disposed of him with utmost brutality, and in circumstances never fully elucidated.

The cable traffic between the U.S. Embassy and the State Department on the one hand, and the CIA station and its Washington headquarters on the other, reveals a fascinating tale of astute political assessment; operational drawbacks; understandable confusion about the vagaries of Congolese politics; and differences between the outlook of the American activists in Leopoldville and the more philosophically inclined politicians like Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles in Washington.

The documents, well annotated and interpreted by the author, also provide an inside view into the unrelenting tug-of-war between the diplomatic mission chief and the CIA station master. Generally, the latter gained the upper hand, a situation not surprising to those familiar with the workings of modern diplomacy.

Moreover, *The Congo Cables* confirm the view that embassy dispatches never tell the full story. Except for the factual material they transmit, they reflect mainly the views, guesses and recommendations of their senders. The fact that a telegram is marked secret and urgent does not necessarily vouch for its accuracy or its importance.

THOSE ISRAELI readers familiar

with our activities in the early years of Zaire's independence, and with the volume of the cables from Israel's embassy in Leopoldville, which testified to its close cooperation with the U.S. mission, will be surprised at the sparse references to the Israeli connection in the American dispatches. If we were to judge by the Israeli Congo cables, then we would have appeared to be a central factor in the affairs of the building Congo.

If we are to go by the material employed by the author, then it would seem that the activities and advice of Israel were of marginal importance in the eyes of American diplomats. This is understandable given the unequal dimensions of the two sides, and the different priorities of Israel and the United States in Zaire.

Israel, endowed with modest means but boundless enthusiasm, concentrated its efforts on rural development, urban construction and industrial enterprises. The overriding concern of the United States and its allies, however, was to prevent the extension of Soviet influence, to quell internal turbulence, and to ensure the undisturbed functioning of the country's mining industry. To secure these objectives the United States tried — not always with exemplary diplomatic finesse — to promote friendly domestic forces, and to eliminate elements liable to foster the ambitions of the Soviet Union.

Lumumba and his radical friends were the victims of this policy and of his own folly. Moreover, Khrushchev's adventurous policy had overrated Soviet mischief-making capacity. The first round in this battle of wits ended with the expulsion of the Soviet Embassy in September 1960. It resulted in Khrushchev's famous outburst of anger at the United Nations General Assembly, which was visibly and audibly underscored by the banging of his shoe on his desk.

Khrushchev was stopped and Lumumba eliminated. Tshombe remained. He was the astute protector of the foreign mining interests in Katanga which were the main source of trouble there. The United Nations, which was supposed to preserve the new state's territorial integrity from foreign machinations and internal disruption, dispatched a sizeable international force to the Congo. It became a main participant in the resistance to Tshombe's secession. One of the most dramatic chapters in Madeleine Kalb's book is her vivid account of the battle royal between Tshombe's mercenaries and Dag Hammarskjöld's forces. The Secretary General pursued his task with his customary missionary zeal and razor-sharp diplomacy. In the middle of the struggle he was killed in a mysterious air crash whose cause

The Congo Cables fails to clarify. His successor, meek and contemplative U Thant, showed his mettle when he sent his UN forces into battle, spurred by his representative in Katanga, fiery Conor Cruise O'Brien. Six years later, when Nasser challenged the United Nations Emergency Force in Sinai, U Thant's Congolese intransigence evaporated. Without resistance he yielded to Nasser.

MADELEINE KALB rightly reminds the reader that the convulsions attending the emergence of Zaire occurred against the background of an effervescent African continent, and grave East-West tensions culminating in the Soviet-American Cuban missile

crisis. Over the years the problems of Zaire have assumed their right proportion in world affairs. The Soviet Union, recognizing the limits of its capabilities, has channelled its expansionist ambitions in more promising directions more within its reach. The United States, absorbed in the Vietnam war and its aftermath progressively lost interest in African affairs in general, and Zaire in particular.

Israel continued to soldier on, until the lure of Arab petrodollars induced its African friends to turn their backs on it. Two days before President Sadat launched the Yom Kippur war, President Mobutu Sese Seko broke off relations with Israel. When he resumed them 10 years later, his reputation was as low as his country's debts were high.

The principal actors in Zaire's first turbulent years have left the scene. Lumumba was murdered; Tshombe was consigned to oblivion; Kasavubu, Congo's first president, was deposed in a coup engineered by Mobutu; Khrushchev died forgotten, though Kennedy survives as a fond memory. Mobutu is the sole survivor. The author wisely refrains from predicting how much longer his rule will last. But the advice she offers at the end of her book to her government should be considered by any government caring for its future relations with Zaire and the welfare of its people.

MADELEINE KALB concludes: "The United States can no longer take for granted Mobutu's political longevity; and by the same token, Mobutu should no longer be able to take for granted America's unwavering support. Anti-Communism alone is not enough. A determined U.S. government should not find it impossible, through active and imaginative diplomacy, to encourage a government in Zaire that would not only protect America's strategic and economic interests but would be welcomed in Zaire and would enhance America's reputation throughout Africa."

Perspective

ISRAEL SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH. Ben-Gurion University of the Negev. Volume 1, No. 1.

SOCIAL SCIENCE research in Israel is often pulled between the intrinsically interesting particulars of the Israeli scene and the professional dictum that the particular is relevant only insofar as it illuminates the general. Articles submitted to prestigious journals abroad are often weighted down with so much general theoretical baggage that their practical relevance is lost.

Thus it is refreshing to note the appearance of a multidisciplinary social science journal — the first of its kind in English — that is unabashedly committed to using broad, theoretical perspectives to illuminate the particulars of the Israeli scene. Moreover, the editors have invited non-academics to take part in this enterprise.

The journal, to be published twice a year, becomes an English companion to *Megamot*, the social science journal in Hebrew focusing on Israel that has appeared for many years.

The first issue contains articles ranging from Buberian learning techniques to the IDF redeployment in the Negev. □ C.H.

MY NEIGHBOUR. Bertha Thieberger, died last year, an octogenarian locked in the private world of the very deaf. As a young student, at Trieste's Scuola Superiore di Commercio Revoltella during the winter of 1919-20, she was taught English by James Joyce. Teaching at the Revoltella school, Trieste's embryonic university, for an hour a day interrupted his work on the *Nausicaa* episode of *Ulysses* and the students noted that he often seemed abstracted and preoccupied.

Yet, as Bertha Thieberger wrote to the late Louis Hyman in 1966, he found time to chaperone her and another girl when they wanted to roam the streets after a student party. "When we arrived in the middle of the night on the large Piazza dell'Unità, in front of the sea, Joyce began to dance. His face with the pointed red beard turned to the moon, his legs throwing long shadows, he danced slowly and solemnly with unforgettable grace and dignity."

Hyman, the Haifa-based author of *The Jews in Ireland*, with its exhaustively researched *Ulysses* chapter, wrote in the Summer 1976 issue of *The James Joyce Quarterly*, that his Jerusalem informant wished to remain anonymous. She always rejected suggested interviews, but nevertheless, she unbuttoned sufficiently in her letters to Hyman to paint a word picture of Joyce at that time: adding joke endings to the commercial letter conventions that he was teaching them; inviting her to inspect the scar tissue on his eye ("the terrible thing about such an operation is that you must look at the knife"); and lending her a copy of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* — she was very impressed with Nora Joyce whom she met when she returned the book.

Bertha Thieberger recalled that Joyce once quoted a few sentences of the *Song of Songs* in Hebrew and

Dancing Dubliner



Alex Berlyne

the creator of Leopold Bloom seemed to enjoy the company of Jews (Richard Ellman has documented 16 Jews who escaped from Nazi Germany with Joyce's assistance). He went to their homes as well as the Hanukka and Purim celebrations of the local Zionist organization "where he danced

once or twice as upright as a rod and in perfect rhythm."

James Joyce dancing the hora! The mind boggles.

BERTHA THIEBERGER'S memories of Joyce in Trieste do not appear in *Portrait of the Artist in Exile: Recollections of James Joyce* by Europeans, edited by Willard Potts (Wolfsound Press). Seven of the 13 essays in the book appear for the first time in English and provide

some vivid glimpses of "the Good Terrafermaite" in a wide range of moods and circumstances. Joyce is seen in a bar full of tipsy Triestinos, singing Italian drinking songs at the top of his lungs; quoting the Talmud to Georges Borch; proudly calling attention to a vase of small flags on the piano and explaining that each one represents a new edition of *Ulysses*; sticking a doll's drawers over two fingers and walking them across the table "with movements that were meant to be provocative"; and there is one particularly touching description of Joyce walking along a Paris street, whistling under his breath and twirling his stick as if it were the ashlant of his youth rather than the white cane of a blind man, yet "looking more jaunty, more youthful than usual."

HUGH KENNER attacking Richard Ellman in a provocative article ("The Importance of Being Definitive," *Times Literary Supplement*, December 17, 1982) made a great deal of his gullibility in swallowing "Irish Facts" produced by dubious characters who, like most of Dublin, claimed to have known Joyce. Reviewing Kenner's own book, *A Colder Eye*, in the *TLS* the following year, Michael Mason pointed out that there was nothing particularly Irish in the misrepresentation of "facts" about Joyce. Willard Potts has relied on a motley collection of continentals, Mason claimed, who variously believed "that Joyce had 14 brothers and sisters; that his son was born in Pola and that his father died in 1916; that he was a student of Christ's College; that he visited London at the age of 14, left Dublin after the publication of *Dubliners*, went to Paris and thence to Trieste; that he lived in Venice, Padua and Gibraltar; that the manuscript of *Dubliners* was seized by the English censors, and that the book was a

great financial success; that its author was frugal, and indifferent to his reputation with the critics."

So much for oral history and the folly of depending on uncorroborated memory. In fact, the only reliable memory seems to be the one possessed by the scriptwriter of *Upstairs, Downstairs* who pinched the plot of one of its episodes from a story in "Dubliners," changing only the names to protect the ignorant.

ON ITS publication in 1959, Richard Ellman's *James Joyce* was recognized as the most authoritative study of the writer's life to date. If there is such a thing as a definitive biography is, of course, open to question but there can be little doubt that Ellman's book is a masterpiece of literary biography, cleverly organizing chronological and thematic material chapter by chapter.

Now the Oxford University Press has issued an expanded and revised paperback edition of the book, containing 100 new pages of text and notes and 87 new illustrations. The updated *James Joyce* contains details of a failed love affair, a dream notebook, previously unknown letters and much more, while Prof. Ellman acknowledges a couple of contributions from your man in Haifa, Louis Hyman. At £8.95 for nearly 900 pages it is also a fantastic bargain, a point Joyce himself would have been the first to appreciate. After all, during his century, a couple of years ago, everyone seemed to be making a packet out of Joyce, whose own finances were always precarious. Stan Ghebar Davis says that his favourite photo of the writer shows him with his hands in his pockets, scowling at the camera. "What were you thinking of when I took the picture?" he was asked.

"I was wondering," Joyce said, "would you lend me five shillings?" □

Art of spoonology

TOOK'S EYE VIEW: Views, Reviews and Reflections by Barry Took, London, Robson Books, 160 pp., £7.50

RULE BRITANNIA: The Ways and World of the True British Gentleman and *Patriot* by Tim Brooke-Taylor, London, J.M. Dent, 161pp., £6.95.

Wim van Leer

exploited his experience as a scriptwriter for radio shows such as *Beyond Our Ken* and *Round the Horne*, the latter in collaboration with Marty Feldman. The scripts were a mixture of literary pastiche, name dropping, and in-jokes, with which characters like Rambling Syd Rumpo emerged. Kenneth Horne likened the show to "spending 30 minutes in a spin-dryer." He gives us thumbnail sketches of Peter Sellers, Woody Allen ("my favourite funny man"), Groucho, Chaplin, Susan Harris (of *Soap* fame) and Alan Whicker, but these guest appearances do not add much to the store of knowledge.

Some of Took's *Punch* theatre and film criticisms are included in the book, and the odd deft phrase, betraying the comic script writer, turns up: "Sinatra's face looked as if it'd been slept in." Then there is the judge admonishing a derelict wino: "You must never drink alcohol again; not even one teeny sherry before dinner."

WITH THE fading of the halls, "the demise of the Empire," Took ex-

And a splendid time was had by all.

TIM BROOKE-TAYLOR'S *Rule Britannia* plows the same furrow, but this time the author intends to be funny. In its play-the-game, Imperial, toffee-nosed superiority, Brooke-Taylor is cashing in on his Union Jack-waistcoated character part in the popular TV series *The Goodies*, dissecting for our edification and delight the anthropological history and behaviour patterns of that pinnacle of creation, the "True Brit," in all his splendour.

He has seen through the antediluvian pretensions of the upper-classes with their often absurd sense of social duty in the shires and their Imperial mission in the far-flung outposts. Yet underneath Brooke-Taylor's penchant for pastiche there is an abiding belief in the mythos of British superiority that he shares with the readers of the *Daily Mail* and *Attila the Hun*. In his Foreword, he admits that during the Falklands booms-a-duisy, "hearing a caller on a radio phone-in suggest that my waistcoat should be flown out to join the task force only added to my cosy glow. Yet I, and millions of others, I suspect, felt a twinge of guilt at our open glee, for patriotism had become associated with 'my country, right or wrong.' Which, to me, sounds like saying 'my mother, drunk or sober.'"

What then, according to the Gospel of Brooke-Taylor, are the characteristics of the English Gentleman and Patriot? Good breeding which, according to Mark Twain, consists of concealing how much we think of ourselves and how

little we think of other persons; a sense of fair play; and respect for the C. of E. deity — in combination with sangfroid and stiff-upper-lippery. He quotes the comment of the Vicar of Acton, when lightning burned down his church, "Fortunately we are insured against Acts of God."

IT WAS in the far-flung outposts of the Raj that the genus True Brit achieved its full fruition flowering — the Mad Dogs and Englishman syndrome.

Haughtiness was the mem-sahib's favourite pastime. Brooke-Taylor tells of a Governor's daughter who "took a shine to a dashing steward in the second class, danced with him all night and then cut him dead the next morning." After he'd left her bed, "In the circle in which I move," she said frostily, "sleeping with a woman does not constitute an introduction."

Britishness is an overspiced subject, what with Noel Coward, Billy Bennett ("Almost a Gentleman"), Gilly Potter ("Good evening, England") or, on the less genteel side, Alf Garnett (of *Till Death Do Us Part*). Tim Brooke-Taylor soon runs out of relevant material and has to resort to padding: an A to Z of public schoolboy slang; six pages of recipes for such spiffing goodies as muffins and anchovy-toast; lengthy descriptions of deeds of heroism, subtly suggesting that the Victoria Cross is an upper-class accolade (which it isn't).

The book has many a raisin. Problem is what to make of the surrounding stodge. □

THE STORY of the Rothschild family, in all its branches, would make a great TV serial. The vast wealth of history, personalities and anecdotes, which has spurred anecdotes and legends, offers a rich vein to be mined. This large and attractively produced volume is devoted to one of the less prominent Rothschilds — yet it is full of fascination. Much credit for this is due to the biographer, the niece of the subject, whose own scientific achievements include a quarter of a million words, on fleas. (Fleas apparently run in the family as her father, Lord Rothschild's brother, was so noted an authority that he could write "Fleas are increasing anti-Semitism as the few other students of the subject think that I am too keen a competitor".)

The subject of this biography is Lionel Walter, second Lord Rothschild. His father was England's first Jewish peer and an outstanding figure in English finance and society. When he was invited to Windsor Castle, Queen Victoria ordered special hampers for him. His friends included Balfour and Lloyd George who, when asked to name his ideal cabinet, started with Rothschild as Chancellor of the Exchequer. These friendships were to stand him in good stead. The first Lord Rothschild was also deeply involved in Jewish affairs. I doubt if he was, as the author claims, "the acknowledged lay head of world Jewry" (as Moses Montefiore had been) — but he was certainly a name to conjure with.

Of his two sons, the younger, Charles, was more reliable as the administrator of the family fortunes in England; the elder, Walter, had his own strong interests, but they lay elsewhere. He hated the 18 years he had to work in the family bank and not a single document in the bank files attests to his activity there. The story of Walter Rothschild is not in the world of finance but in the world of zoology, in the Jewish world, and in his personal life.

HIS PASSION was the animal world, which is the major theme of this book, written so attractively as to intrigue even the complete tyro. When he was seven years old he spent an enthralling hour watching a taxidermist skin a mouse. At its conclusion he announced that his ambition was to create a museum of natural science. Such a museum was built for him by his father as a 21st birthday present, by which time he



Tortoise riding

DEAR LORD ROTHSCHILD by Miriam Rothschild. London, Hutchinson and Rehevoit, Balaban. 398 + xlv pp. \$29.95

Geoffrey Wigoder

had made his name as a zoologist (having identified hundreds of new species of butterflies), almost without any academic training.

In the course of time, he wrote millions of words on the wings of birds and butterflies and was a world authority on the tail end of insects. The museum at the Rothschild home at Tring was the greatest of its kind ever assembled by an individual — Rothschild called it "My Museum." To gather his collection, he sent expeditions to many parts of the world. It contained 2.25 million sets of butterflies and moths, 300,000 birds' skins, 200,000 birds' eggs, 300,000 beetles, as well as the world's largest sea elephant and largest bath sponge. It appealed to the masses and to this day attracts 100,000 visitors a year.

He also brought living animals into his park — kangaroos, monkeys, a wolf, a dingo, cas-

sowaries, etc. He tamed zebras to pull his carriage and flamboyantly drove them down Piccadilly and into Buckingham Palace. Edward VII was amused and frequently dropped in to visit the Tring Museum.

Rothschild's great passion was for his 144 giant tortoises, on whose backs he used to ride. When he decided to stand for parliament (where he sat for 11 years, contributing a total of two speeches), he wrote mournfully that this would curtail his time for tortoises. One sad occasion was when his 150-year-old prize giant tortoise died of sexual over-excitation. *Auf uns gesegnet.*

In the Jewish world, Rothschild is known as the recipient of the Balfour Declaration (from which the book's title is derived). Until his father's death in 1915, he was not active Jewishly or Zionistically. But then he threw his not inconsiderable weight into these causes, partly no doubt seeing himself as his father's successor and partly out of conviction. During World War I he became hopelessly — and today one would say prophetically — despondent about the future of the Jews in Europe, foreseeing grave implications for the Jews from financial

chaos and revolution. Entering the Zionist fray in 1917, he proved a pillar of strength to Weizmann and Sokolow who were conducting the diplomatic struggle. He was committed not only for Jewish reasons but because he thought the Zionist presence in Palestine would be beneficial to the British Empire. He was critical of the Zionist leaders for requesting only a national home and not a state.

ROTHSCHILD spoke out against the Jewish anti-Zionists of the time both in a Jewish context (at meetings of the Board of Deputies, of which he became vice-president) and in public, notably through hard-hitting letters to *The Times*. When the Balfour Declaration was issued, Rothschild exulted to Weizmann: "We have beaten them." His connection with Balfour was invaluable and the Zionists transmitted their proposals to Balfour through Rothschild. He was the natural addressee of the Declaration: an outstanding British Jew, wholly identified with the Zionist Movement. Weizmann was by now a British subject but problems would have been caused had the Declaration been sent to him as, in the Zionist Movement, he was still junior to Sokolow.

On November 2, 1917, Weizmann wrote to Rothschild: "On the day of the Balfour Declaration, I offer you our heartfelt thanks for the keen support you so generously gave to our cause. I am sure that when the history of this time is written, it will justifiably be said that the name of the greatest house in Jewry was associated with the granting of the Magna Carta of Jewish liberties."

After the Declaration was issued, Rothschild was content to take a back seat. However, in 1919, angered by developments on Palestine's northern border, he wrote to Balfour urging him to incorporate the Litan water supply within the boundaries of Palestine. He noted that the French insistence on its exclusion was because they "only want to ruin Zionism and detract from the value of the country under British mandate."

MIRIAM ROTHSCHILD reveals fascinating aspects of her uncle's private life. A bachelor who never escaped from the roof of his strong mother, he had a speech problem, lacking voice control, which rendered normal conversation almost impossible. His correspondence was also problematic

as he discarded all punctuation.

We learn of three women in his life. One was the daughter of a Polish Jewish doctor, who had stage ambitions; she was his companion for over 30 years and bore him a daughter. She never gave up hope of marrying him and called herself Mrs. Lionel Walters. Simultaneously, he maintained a close relationship with another would-be actress, with intense jealousy and friction between the two women. Both cost him a great deal of money and Walter's brother eventually made settlements on the two of them on condition they stayed away from Tring.

When he was 36, Walter decided he could no longer read his personal correspondence. He took wicker baskets and, after sorting his letters into piles, filed them unopened in the baskets. When these were discovered by his brother, it took him six weeks to go through years of mail and deal with it. However, one basket was only discovered after his death by his sister-in-law, Roszka (whose claim to fame was that she introduced the overhand service into women's tennis). Then the secret emerged of the third woman in his life, of whom Miriam Rothschild — for legal reasons or out of discretion — gives only hints. She was a peeress (unidentified) with whom Rothschild had had an affair and who, together with her husband, blackmailed him over a period of 40 years.

It was quite acceptable to keep two mistresses; it would have been shameful to have been involved in a society divorce. This blackmailing couple sucked him dry, compelling him to ruin himself financially in his early years and as late as 1931 to sell his beloved and prized bird collection to the American Museum of Natural History. Frederick Morton in his book on the Rothschilds mentions Walter's unwise investments and borrowing on his insurance, but only now do we know that this was the result of constant blackmailing pressure.

Miriam Rothschild has written a delightful book, with excellent illustrations. Despite her closeness to her uncle, from both the professional and family angles (in his will he left her 140 mother-of-pearl handled fish knives (the forks were missing), a gold repeater watch, 600 sporting prints, 500 live parakeets, a Pyrenean hound and his giant tortoise), she maintains a critical distance and has pursued her research with devotion and thoroughness. □

THE LEGEND of the Golem is a classic Jewish fulfillment fantasy. The powerless Jew, barely surviving in a hostile social environment by the grace of cynical rulers, dreams of projecting the only strength he has, spiritual strength, out into the world and using it for his physical protection. The Maharal of Prague becomes a mystical, pious Clark Kent, creating a Superman to rescue Jews, because he himself is actually powerless in the world of action. The appeal of such a story among the oppressed Jews of Eastern Europe is obvious. Its appeal today is rather questionable. Early in the book Wiesel has his narrator say: "If you want my opinion, the 'Golem made of clay' was immortal as the hatred he was asked to fight. Today, as yesterday, someone must stand between that hatred and us. If only the 'Golem made of clay' could come back to life. None other could prevent the spilling of blood; none other could disarm the murderers and conquer evil."

Champion of clay

THE GOLEM The Story of a Legend as told by Elie Wiesel and illustrated by Mark Podwal. Translated by Anne Borchardt. New York, Summit Books. 105 pp. \$12.95.

Jeffrey M. Green

Does Wiesel expect us to take such a statement seriously? Could the Golem have saved the Jews from the Nazis? Can the Golem disarm the Syrians? Can he make the Soviet Union allow free emigration? In my own opinion, the events of the twentieth century have proven the bankruptcy of traditional Jewish responses to non-traditional threats to Jewish survival, and, above all, the utter futility of waiting for the Golem to come along and wipe out our enemies. What does that

medieval legend mean to the non-pious American Jew who does not feel threatened in the gentle world? What does it mean to the Israeli, pious or secular, who builds his golems in arms factories or buys them from abroad?

For whom, one wonders, is the prolific Mr. Wiesel retelling this tale? He presumes no Jewish knowledge on the part of his readers, for a glossary appears at the end of the book, including such esoteric terms as "Cantor: A synagogue official who sings or chants liturgical music and leads the congregation in prayer." The glossary also informs us that *Teffilin* are "Phylacteries — two leather cases containing paper inscribed with Scriptural writings..." Now the reader can turn to any good dictionary and be told that *Teffilin* contain parchment, not paper, as I

am sure Elie Wiesel also knows. I can only assume that he did not bother to look at the glossary, which also tells us that the *Omer* is "the sheaf of new barley traditionally brought to the Temple," which will be of little help to the uninitiated who reads that the Golem was returned to dust on "the 33rd day of Omer."

I HAVE only bothered to delve so far into the glossary because it is entirely symptomatic of this book's lack of focus. Is it meant for children or adults? If for the former, it lacks any of the human interest that might involve them in the legend. If for the latter, it lacks seriousness. Instead of seriousness, we have portentousness, as illustrated by the inflated language. On every page one finds vague verbiage of this sort: "And after innumerable events, one stranger and more miraculous than the other, thanks to divine Providence, which presides over all human encounters, he found himself in the presence of

a wonderfully beautiful and devout Jewish woman: the duke and Reizel were married according to the laws of Moses and Israel." Are we supposed to believe that this actually happened? If so, the account is hardly convincing. Are we supposed to take it as a legend within the legend? If so, the manner in which it is told is so unappealing that it is not even entertaining, let alone edifying or impressive — just so many empty words.

At the beginning of the book Wiesel tells us that he is presenting us with almost contemporary testimony on the Golem, preserved orally over the centuries. In another of his twenty-one books, the recent novel about a Soviet poet, *The Testament*, Wiesel uses a similar device, pretending to present oral testimony preserved in a witness's memory.

If it were not for the graceful, evocative, and skillful pen and ink drawings by Mark Podwal, this book would serve no useful purpose whatsoever. □

LOCAL residents who travel to the United States often notice that cosmetics and toiletries are cheaper there than at home, even when the same international firms produce these goods in Israel. In some countries of Continental Europe these differences do not exist, or may even be in our favour.

In the U.S., towards the end of last year, I jotted down some prices of toiletries there. Among the items I scribbled into my notebook were Revlon's Flex Shampoo and its companion Conditioner, which are currently being promoted here in a massive price campaign. This gives me a perfect opportunity to play a numbers game and shed some light on price differences.

The recommended retail price here today, operative through the end of June, of a 500-ml. bottle of Revlon Flex Shampoo or Conditioner is ISL135, including VAT. The product is made in Ashdod, and the plastic containers are also locally produced, at Kibbutz Ashdot-Ya'acov.

In December, at a supermarket in Gary, Indiana, Revlon Flex was selling for \$2.78 including a 5 cent sales tax, for a 443-ml. bottle. Making a rather complicated calculation, and assuming that the U.S. price has not changed over the past few months, I have worked out that a comparable quantity of the Revlon Flex would, on May 1, have cost \$3.14 in Indiana, the equivalent of \$6.27 here in Israel — just twice as much.

BUT THE PLOT thickens. The marketing manager of Revlon Israel, Mordechai (Moti) Katzman, suggests that to be fair, we should take a projected exchange rate for the end of June, since Revlon promises a stable shekel price until then. If we accept his estimate that the dollar will fetch IS230 by June 30, the real price of Revlon Flex will drop to \$4.93 here. This will still be one-and-a-half times what the U.S. consumer pays.

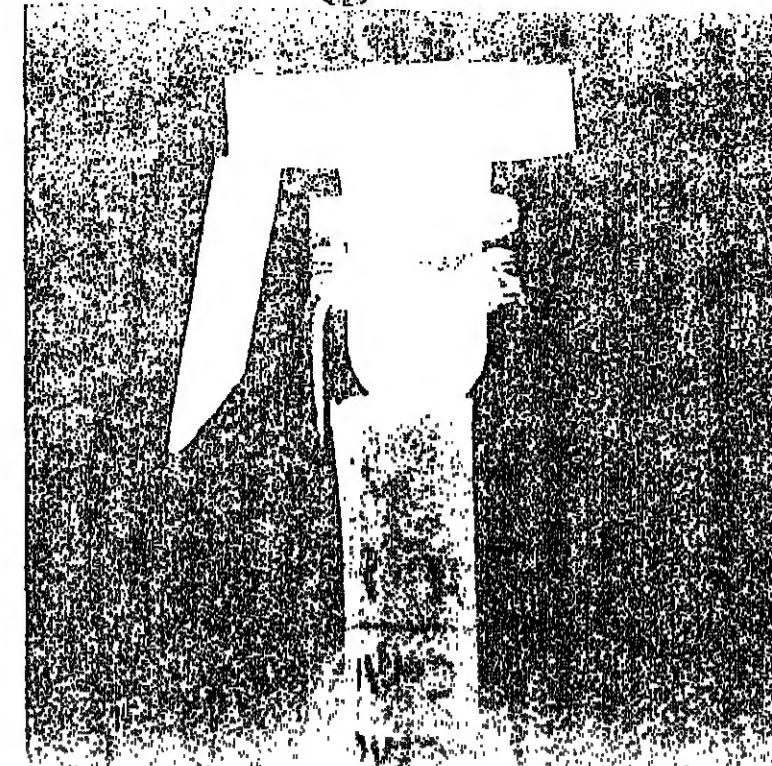
Virtually all this differential, Katzman claims, can be attributed to the higher taxes in Israel. In other words, we should remove the tax factor in both countries to get a fair picture. I confirmed with the Finance Ministry that there is a 20 per cent purchase tax on locally-made shampoos and conditioners, as well as on other toilet-soap products. There is also 15 per cent VAT, of course, and that is calculated on top of the total price including the purchase tax.

Katzman, who is a better economist than I am, suggests that the simplest way to figure this out is to deduct 26 per cent in total direct taxes from the ISL135 (total price to the consumer). This lowers it by IS295. Then he asks that we deduct another IS85, which represents the manufacturer's cost of financing the purchase tax. This is because the purchase tax is due 15 days after the close of each month, whereas the retailers pay their bills to the manufacturer on credit terms averaging 50 days beyond the current month. I agreed that we deduct a total of IS380 for direct taxes and their financing.

We are left with a tax-free price for the locally produced Revlon Flex Shampoo or Conditioner of IS775. Converted into dollars, this is \$4.28 as of May 1, and an estimated \$3.37 as of June 30. This is what we have to compare with the American price without sales tax, of \$2.99 for an equivalent quantity of Revlon Flex, as of last December. By Jt. .

It is quite possible that the American price will also have increased a little. Looked at this way, there is only a slightly higher price in Israel than in the U.S. for these Revlon products. But why should there be any difference at all, or if any, why should it not be cheaper in favour of the Israeli product? After all, our workers take home salaries which are only about half that of their counterparts. In other words, our earning power in real terms is about half.

Cleaning the head



these. We have some discount-style stores here too — such as the Shekem chain for the defence establishment, the warehouse-style supermarkets, and a myriad of small shops for cleaning supplies and toiletries, mainly around the open-air markets and the central bus stations. Revlon's main office, however, is not very enthusiastic about reports that some of these small private discounters sell its brand-name products well below list prices. There is always a risk, it claims, that they may be selling out-of-date or damaged merchandise which can give the company's image a bad name. Personally, I have not found this to be so.

Nor does Katzman blame the long-term credit arrangements of our chain stores for the high price levels here. He says all countries work on credit, some shorter-term than ours, but some, such as France, even longer.

I PLAYED another numbers game with shampoo prices last week; I went to the Dizengoff Centre branch of Hamashbir Lezarchan and compared all the shampoo bottles on the shelves. Looked at this way, Revlon Flex prices are in line with other products generally considered to be on the same quality level. Basically, this means the various hair care products by Wella and Helena Rubinstein, also international brands produced locally.

There are, in addition, quite a number of local shampoos priced considerably lower than these — products such as Izhar's "Meim" shampoo or Tayan's "Toppaz." These cost approximately half the price of Revlon or Wella.

"Why are Revlon's products worth the difference?" I asked Katzman. He said that since he is not a chemist, he would not attempt a scientific answer. But he pointed to the fact, which I have noticed myself, that professional hairdressing salons generally use Wella or Revlon shampoos and conditioners, not the cheaper brands.

Katzman told a press conference last week that sales of imported shampoos have dropped sharply since last October, when the dollar was revalued upward to a realistic level. He claims that, before October, imported shampoos were cheaper than local ones by an average 30 per cent, whereas today they should be some 40 per cent more expensive than comparable local brands.

Sealed message in Revlon Flex price capsule.

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

the U.S. for these Revlon products. But why should there be any difference at all, or if any, why should it not be cheaper in favour of the Israeli product? After all, our workers take home salaries which are only about half that of their counterparts. In other words, our earning power in real terms is about half.

THIS IS ALWAYS a point at which my conversations with Israeli manufacturers break down. Both Moti Katzman and Revlon's general manager here, Yosef Steiner, suggest a number of points I have often heard from other local industrialists:

The vast quantities produced in American plants bring down unit costs. Labour is a marginal factor in cosmetics manufacture compared to other costs, and anyway the labour costs in Israel are not really lower than abroad, our industrialists claim, although the individual worker takes home less pay. We do not have so many discount-type stores as in the U.S. And so forth.

Incidentally, another category of toiletries which costs the consumer more here than in the U.S. or Britain

is deodorants — hardly a luxury in our climate. And yet the purchase tax on deodorants is not 20 per cent as on soap, but 30 per cent as on perfume and purely cosmetic items such as lipstick and eye-shadow.

The local manufacturers all argue that neither soap nor shampoo nor deodorant nor even lipstick should be considered a "luxury," and these should not have any purchase taxes at all. They may have a point, but it is well to keep in mind that all sorts of commodities in Israel carry purchase tax, including refrigerators, which are certainly a necessity of life here.

Consumers often wonder whether it is perhaps exaggerated retailers' margins which make our prices higher here than abroad. Revlon's Katzman tried to dissuade me of this theory, at least in cosmetics and toiletries. He says the retailer's margin in Israel is less than in the U.S. — averaging 40 per cent of the price in the U.S. and only 33 per cent here.

Of course, there are more discount-type stores in the U.S., which work on large-scale, fast turnover sales with smaller margins, and prudent consumers shop in

UNFORTUNATELY, this is not always reflected on market shelves. As of last week, at Hamashbir, Chairul and Mennon shampoos — both U.S. brands — cost only about 10 per cent more than Revlon. The local consumer may well be drawn to lesser-known Italian imports with price-tags similar to or lower than Revlon's, although these may appeal mainly for their foreign names, pretty colours and fancy bottles rather than their actual quality. One should probably compare these with the cheaper Israeli shampoos.

Curiously, one of the best buys when I looked at Hamashbir was a huge 750-ml. "family shampoo" with the Marks & Spencer St. Michael label, for only IS698. It is so cheap that I suspect it may be locally made for the British chain and hence exempt from our import duties.

The total tax burden, including VAT, on imported shampoos today is 98 per cent on those from Common Market countries and 102 per cent from elsewhere. This should surely result in huge price differentials vis-à-vis local makes. Katzman believes it is just a matter of time

before importers realize they cannot continue to bring in foreign shampoos and sell them at prices competitive with local ones.

ALL IN ALL, Israelis use 375-400 tons of shampoo per month — according to Revlon. Its own share of this last year was just over 10 per cent. Many of the sales last year were the result of a promotion gimmick — "hidden prize in the bottle" — which increased sales sevenfold during the campaign period. For the year as a whole, Revlon's shampoo sales rose threefold.

Spurred by this success, the company is holding a "hidden prize No. 2" campaign. Bottles of Flex shampoo and conditioner have a red strip to denote that inside is a sealed capsule with a message. If you use up the product, or funnel it into another container, you can get to the capsule and see whether you have won a prize, or merely a discount coupon worth 15 to 25 per cent towards the purchase of another Revlon product.

My sources tell me the chances of winning any prize in the campaign are a little better than one in 20. In other words, 5-6 per cent of Flex bottles contain a prize coupon; the rest have discount vouchers.

The big prize is a 1984 Japanese-made Suzuki Alto, automatic-shift car. The second prize is a 14-day cruise for two, followed by four package tours abroad and four flights to Europe, all via the Kadmos travel promoters. There is one Sanyo video recorder, and two Sanyo microwave ovens. Smaller prizes include a variety of Revlon products, lots of beach balls, and books for children and adults. The total value of the prizes is \$108,000, and Revlon says that most were donated in exchange for the publicity.

Whether an outright discount on price or a chance to win a prize is a bigger drawing-card was discussed at the press conference by Prof. Yehiel Ziv, who teaches marketing methods at Tel Aviv University. In deciding on a prize campaign, a manufacturer is gambling on the theory that more consumers are lured by the chance of winning a big prize than the certainty of getting a small discount.

The big prize this year for Revlon Israel itself is some \$2m. in export orders to Europe. A few years ago, for strictly economic reasons, the Revlon mother company took away the Israeli plant's export markets; but following October's revaluation of the dollar vis-à-vis the shekel, the situation has changed so that Israel's products are once again competitive abroad, general manager Steiner told the press. This year, an estimated one-third of the production at Revlon's Ashdod plant will go for export. The more it can export, the better the situation will be for the local consumer too, says the company, because this keeps the factory working at capacity and brings down the unit price of production.

FOLLOWING my recent report that recorded music is replacing bands at weddings, because of the excessive volume of live music, I had an encouraging letter from a duo of new-immigrant musicians from England. Calling themselves The Roy Stuart Sound, they say they provide "soft, easy-listening music" and also "more beaty-type music for dancing" of a professional standard. Roy Rick plays the guitar, Stuart Olsberg the flute and saxophone, with an electronic machine for the drums. They can be contacted at 16/3 Hasharon St., Ra'anana (tel. 052-35591).

— Martha Meisels